HYMNS

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AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

IN THREE BOOKS.

I. COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.
II. COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.
III. PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

By I. WATTS, D. D.

REVELATIONS, v. 9.

And they ſung a new Song, ſaying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou waſt ſlain, and haſt redeemed us, &c.

Soliti eſſent (i. e. Chriſtiani) convenire, carmenque Chriſto quaſi Deo dicere. PLINIUS IN EPIST.

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PREFACE.

WHILE we ſing the praiſes of our God in his church, we are employed in that part of worſhip, which of all others, is the neareſt a-kin to heaven; and it is a pity that this, of all others, ſhould be performed the worſt upon earth. The goſpel brings us nearer to the heavenly ſtate than all the former diſpenſations of God amongſt men:—and in theſe laſt days of the goſpel, we are brought almoſt within ſight of the kingdom of our Lord; yet we are very much unacquainted with the ſongs of the New Jeruſalem, and unpractiſed iu the works of praiſe. To ſee the dull indifference, the negligent and the thoughtleſs air, that ſits upon the faces of a whole aſſembly, while the pſalm is on their lips, might tempt even a charitable obſerver to ſuſpect the fervency of inward religion; and it is much to be feared, that the minds of moſt of the worſhippers are abſent or unconcerned. Perhaps the modes of preaching in the beſt churches ſtill want ſome degree of reformation; nor are the

methods of prayer ſo perfect as to ſtand in need of no correction or improvement; but of all our religious ſolemnities, pſalmody is the moſt unhappily managed.—That very action which ſhould elevate us to the moſt delightful and divine ſenſation, doth not only flatten our devotion, but too often awaken our regret, and touches all the ſprings of uneaſineſs within us.

I have been long convinced, that one great occaſion of this evil ariſes from the matter and words to which we confine all our ſongs. Some of them are almoſt oppoſite to the ſpirit of the Goſpel:—many of them foreign to the ſtate of the New Teſtament, and widely different from the preſent circumſtances of Chriſtians.——Hence it comes to paſs, that when ſpiritual affections are excited within us, and our ſouls are raiſed a little above this earth in the beginning of a pſalm, we are checked on a ſudden in our aſcent toward heaven, by ſome expreſſions that are moſt ſuited to the days of *carnal ordinances*, and fit only to be ſung in the *worldly ſanctuary*.

When we are juſt entering into an evangelic frame, by ſome of the glories of the Goſpel, preſented in the brighteſt figures of Judaiſm, yet the very next line, perhaps, which the clerk parcels out unto us, hath ſomething in it ſo extremely Jewiſh and cloudy, that darkens the ſight of God the Saviour.—Thus, by keeping too cloſe to David in the houſe of God, the veil of Moſes is thrown over our hearts. While we are kindling into divine love by the meditations of the "loving-kindneſs of God, and the multitude of his tender "mercies," within a few verſes ſome dreadful curſe againſt men is propoſed to our lips, that "God would add iniquity "unto their iniquity, nor let them come into his righte-"ouſneſs, but to blot them out of the book of the living," *Pſalm* lxix. 26, 27, 28. which is ſo contrary to the new commandment of *loving our enemies*; and even under the

Old Teſtament is beſt accounted for, by referring it to the ſpirit of prophetic vengeance.

Some ſentences of the Pſalmiſt, that are expreſſive of the temper of our own hearts, and the circumſtances of our lives, may compoſe our ſpirits to ſerioufneſs, and allure us to a ſweet retirement within ourſelves; but we meet with a following line, which ſo peculiarly belongs but to one action or hour of the life of David, or of Aſaph, that breaks off our ſong in the midſt; our conſciences are affrighted, leſt we ſhould ſpeak a falſehood unto God; thus the powers of our ſoul are ſhocked on a ſudden, and our ſpirits ruffled, before we have time to reflect, that this may be ſung only as a hiſtory of ancient ſaints, and perhaps, in ſome inſtances, that *ſalvo* is hardly ſufficient neither.—Beſides, it almoſt always ſpoils the devotion, by breaking the uniform thread of it; for while our lips and our hearts run on ſweetly together, applying the words of our own caſe, there is ſomething of divine delight in it; but at once we are forced to turn off the application abruptly, and our lips ſpeak nothing but the heart of David. Thus our own hearts are, as it were, forbid the purſuit of the ſong, and then the harmony and the worſhip grow dull of mere neceſſity.

Many miniſters and many private Chriſtians, have long groaned under this inconvenience, and have wiſhed, rather than attempted a reformation.——At their importunate and repeated requeſts, I have for ſome years paſt devoted many hours of leiſure to this ſervice.--Far be it from my thoughts to lay aſide the book of Pſalms in public worſhip; few can pretend ſo great a value for them as myſelf; it is the moſt artful, moſt devotional, and divine collection of poeſy; and nothing can be ſuppoſed more proper to raiſe a pious ſoul to heaven, than ſome parts of that book; never was a piece of experimental divinity ſo nobly written, and ſo juſtly

reverenced and admired; but it muſt be acknowledged ſtill, that there are a thouſand lines in it which were not made for a church in our days, to aſſume as its own: there are alſo many deficiencies of light and glory, which our Lord Jeſus and his Apoſtles have ſupplied in the writings of the New Teſtament: and with this advantage I have compoſed theſe ſpiritual ſongs, which are now preſented to the world. Nor is the attempt vain glorious or preſuming; for in reſpect of clear evangelical knowledge, "The leaſt in the kingdom of "heaven is greater than all the Jewiſh prophets," Matt. xi. 11.

Now let me give a ſhort account of the following compoſures:—The greateſt part of them are ſuited to the general ſtate of the goſpel, and the moſt common affairs of Chriſtians—I hope there will be very few found, but what may properly be uſed in a religious aſſembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to ſome ſeaſons either of private or of public worſhip. The moſt frequent tempers and changes of our ſpirits, and conditions of our life, are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expreſſed according to the variety of our paſſions, our love, our fear, our hope, our deſire, our ſorrow, our wonder, and our joy; as they are refined into devotion, and act under the influence and conduct of the bleſſed Spirit; all converſing with God the Father, by the new and living way of acceſs to the throne, even the perſon and the mediation of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. To him alſo, even to "the Lamb that was ſlain, and now "lives," I have addreſſed many a ſong; for thus doth the holy Scripture inſtruct and teach us to worſhip, in the various ſhort patterns of Chriſtian pſalmody deſcribed in the Revelation. I have avoided the more obſcure and controverted points of Chriſtianity, that we might all obey the direction of the word of God, and "ſing his praiſes with un-"derſtanding, *Pſalm* xlvii. 7. The contentions and diſtinguiſhing words of ſects and parties are ſecluded, that whole

ſſemblies might aſſiſt at the harmony, and different churches join in the ſame worſhip without offence.

If any expreſſions occur to the reader that favour of an opinion different from his own, yet he may obſerve theſe are generally ſuch as are capable of an extenſive ſenſe, and may be uſed with a charitable latitude. I think it is moſt agreeable, that what is provided for public ſinging, ſhould give to ſincere conſciences as little diſturbance as poſſible. However, where any unpleaſing word is found, he that leads the worſhip may ſubſtitute a better: for (bleſſed be God) we are not confined to the words of any man in our public ſolemnities.

The whole book is written in four ſorts of metre, and fitted to the moſt common tunes. I have ſeldom permitted a ſtop in the middle of a line, and ſeldom left the end of a line without one, to comport a little with the unhappy mixture of reading and ſinging, which cannot preſently be reformed. The metaphors are generally ſunk to the level of vulgar capacities. I have aimed at eaſe of numbers, and ſmoothneſs of ſound, and endeavoured to make the ſenſe plain and obvious. If the verſe appears ſo gentle and flowing as to incur the cenſure of feebleneſs, I may honeſtly affirm, that ſometimes it coſt me labour to make it ſo; ſome of the beauties of poeſy are neglected, and ſome wilfully defaced; I have thrown out the lines that were too ſonorous, and have given an allay to the verſe, leſt a more exalted turn of thought or language ſhould darken or diſturb the devotion of the weakeſt ſouls. But hence it comes to paſs, that I have been forced to lay aſide many hymns after they were finiſhed, and utterly exclude them from this volume, becauſe of the bolder figures of ſpeech that crowded themſelves into the verſe, and a more unconfin'd variety of number, which I could not eaſily reſtrain.

Theſe, with many other divine and moral compoſures, are now printed in a ſecond edition of the poems, entitled, *Horæ Lyricæ*; for, as in this book, I have endeavoured to pleaſe and profit the politer part of mankind, without offending the plainer ſort of Chriſtians; ſo in this, it has been my labour to promote the pious entertainment of ſouls truly ſerious, even of the meaneſt capacity, and at the ſame time, if poſſible, not to give diſguſt to perſons of richer ſenſe, and nicer education; and I hope, in the preſent volume, this end will appear to be purſued with much greater happineſs than in the firſt impreſſion of it, though the world aſſures me the former has not much reaſon to complain.

The whole is divided into three books.——In the firſt, I have borrowed the ſenſe and much of the form of the ſong, from ſome particular portions of ſcripture, and have paraphraſed moſt of the doxologies in the New Teſtament, that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical; and many parts of the Old Teſtament, alſo, that have a reference to the times of the Meſſiah.——In theſe I expect to be often cenſured for a too religious obſervance of the words of Scripture, whereby the verſe is weakened or debaſed, according to the judgment of the critics: but as my whole deſign was to aid the devotion of Chriſtians, ſo more eſpecially in this part: and I am ſatisfied I ſhall hereby attain two ends, viz. Aſſiſt the worſhip of all ſerious minds, to whom the expreſſions of Scripture are ever dear and delightful, and gratify the taſte and inclination of thoſe who think nothing muſt be ſung unto God but the tranſlations of his own word. Yet you will always find in this paraphraſe, dark expreſſions enlightened, and the Levitical ceremonies and Hebrew forms of ſpeech changed into the worſhip of the goſpel, and explained in the language of our time and nation; and what would not bear ſuch an alteration is omitted and laid aſide. After this manner ſhould I rejoice to ſee a good part of the book of Pſalms fitted for the uſe of our churches, and

David converted into a Chriſtian: but becauſe I cannot perſuade others to attempt this glorious work, I have ſuffered myſelf to be perſuaded to begin it, and have, through Divine Goodneſs already proceeded half way through.

The *ſecond part* conſiſts of hymns, whoſe form is a mere human compoſure; but I hope the ſenſe and materials will always appear divine.——I might have brought ſome text or other, and applied it to the margin of every verſe, if this method had been as uſeful as it was eaſy. If there be any poems in the book that are capable of giving delight to perſons of a more refined taſte and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part; but except they lay aſide the humour of criticiſm, and enter into a devout frame, every ode here, already deſpairs of pleaſing. I confeſs myſelf to have been too often tempted away from the more ſpiritual deſigns I propoſed, by ſome gay and flowery expreſſions that gratify the fancy; the bright images too often prevailed above the fire of divine affection; and the light exceeded the heat:—Yet, I hope, in many of them, the reader will find that devotion dictated the ſong, and the head and hand were nothing but interpreters and ſecretaries to the heart; nor is the magnificence or boldneſs of the figures comparable to that divine licence which is found in the eighteenth and the ſixty-eighth pſalms, ſeveral chapters of Job, and many other poetical parts of Scripture; and in this reſpect I may hope to eſcape the reproof of thoſe who pay a ſacred reverence to the Holy Bible.

I have prepared the *third part* only for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, that, in imitation of our bleſſed Saviour, we might ſing a hymn after we have partaken of the bread and wine.——Here you will find ſome paraphraſes of Scripture, and ſome other compoſitions. There are above a hundred hymns in the two former parts, that may very properly be uſed in this ordinance, and ſometimes perhaps ap-

pear more ſuitable than any of theſe laſt; but there are expreſſions generally uſed in theſe, which confine them only to the table of the Lord; and therefore I have diſtinguiſhed and ſet them by themſelves.

If the Lord, who inhabits the praiſes of Iſrael, ſhall refuſe to ſmile upon this attempt for the reformation of pſalmody amongſt the churches, yet I humbly hope, that his bleſſed Spirit will make theſe compoſures uſeful to private Chriſtians; and if they may but attain the honour of being eſteemed pious meditations to aſſiſt the devout and retired ſoul in the exerciſes of love, faith, and joy, it will be a valuable compenſation of my labours; my heart ſhall rejoice at the notice of it, and my God ſhall receive the glory.—This was my hope and view in the firſt publication; and it is now my duty to acknowledge to him with thankfulneſs, how uſeful he hath made theſe compoſitions already, to the comfort and edification of ſocieties, and of private perſons; and upon the ſame grounds I have a better proſpect, and a bigger hope of much more ſervice to the church, by the large improvements of this edition, if the Lord who dwells in Zion ſhall favour it with his continual bleſſing.

Note, "In all the longer hymns, and in ſome of the "ſhorter, there are ſeveral ſtanzas included in crotchets, "thus [ ]; which ſtanzas may be left out in ſinging, with-"out diſturbing the ſenſe. Thoſe parts are alſo included "in ſuch crotchets, which contain words too poetical for "meaner underſtandings, or too particular for whole con-"gregations to ſing. But, after all, it is beſt in public "pſalmody, for the miniſter to chooſe the particular parts "and verſes of the pſalm or hymn that is to be ſung, rather "than leave it to the judgment or caſual determination of "him that leads the tune."

Note. "Since the ſixth edition of this book, the Author "has finiſhed what he ſo long promiſed, viz. *The Pſalms of*

" *of David, imitated in the Language of the New Teſtament,*
" which the world ſeems to have received with approbation,
" by the ſale of ſome thouſands in a year's time. It is pre-
" ſumed that that book, in conjunction with this, may ap-
" pear to be ſuch ſufficient proviſion for pſalmody, as to an-
" ſwer moſt occaſions of a Chriſtian's life; and, if an au-
" thor's own opinion may be taken, he eſteems it the great-
" eſt work that ever he has publiſhed, or ever hopes to do,
" for the uſe of the churches"

March 3, 1720.

A TABLE

To find any Hymn by the firſt Line.

Note, *The Letters* a, b, c, *denote the* I. II. *or* III. Book: *The Figures direct to the Hymn.*

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ADORE and tremble for our God	a	42
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	b	9
All glory to thy wond'rous name	c	33
All mortal vanities be gone	a	25
And are we wretches yet alive	b	105
And muſt this body die	b	110
And now the ſcales have left mine eyes	b	81
Ariſe, my ſoul, my joyful pow'rs	b	82
At thy command, our deareſt Lord	c	19
Attend, while God's exalted Son	b	130
Awake, my heart, ariſe, my tongue	a	20
Awake our ſouls, away our fears	a	48
Away from ev'ry mortal care	b	123
BACKWARD with humble ſhame we look	a	57
Begin, my tongue, ſome heav'nly theme	b	69
Behold how ſinners diſagree	a	131
Behold the blind their ſight receive	b	137
Behold the glories of the Lamb	a	1
Behold the grace appears	a	3
Behold the potter and the clay	a	117
Behold the Roſe of Sharon here	a	68
Behold the woman's promis'd ſeed	b	135
Behold the wretch whoſe luſt and wine	a	123
Behold what wond'rous grace	a	64
Bleſs'd are the humble ſouls that ſee	a	102
Bleſs'd be the everlaſting God	a	26
Bleſs'd be the Father and his love	c	26
Bleſs'd is the man whoſe cautious feet	a	31
Bleſs'd morning! whoſe young dawning rays	b	72
Bleſs'd with the joys of innocence	b	128
Blood has a voice to peirce the ſkies	b	118
Bright King of Glory, dreadful God	b	51
Broad is the road that leads to death	b	158

Bury'd in ſhadows of the night a 97
But few among the carnal wiſe a 96

CAN creatures to perfection find b 170
Chriſt and his croſs is all our theme a 119
Come, all harmonious tongues b 84
Come, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell a 135
Come, happy ſouls, approach your God b 103
Come hither, all ye weary ſouls a 127
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove b 34
Come, let us join a joyful tune c 8
Come, let us join our cheerful ſongs a 62
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Come, we that love the Lord b 30

DAUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold a 72
Dear Lord, behold our ſore diſtreſs b 163
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Death cannot make our ſouls afraid † b 49
Death may diſſolve my body now a 27
Death! 'tis a melancoly day b 52
Deceiv'd by ſubtle ſnares of hell a 107
Deep in the duſt before thy throne a 124
Deſcend from heav'n, immortal Dove b 23
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ERE the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad a 2
Eternal Sov'reign of the ſky b 149
Eternal Spirit, we confeſs b 133

FAITH is the brighteſt evidence a 120
Far from my thoughts, vain world, &c. b 15
Father, I long, I faint to ſee b 68
Father, we wait to feel thy grace c 24
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Firm as the earth thy goſpel ſtands a 138
From heav'n the ſinning angels fell b 97
From thee, my God, my joys ſhall riſe b 75

GENTILES by nature, we belong a 114
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Glory to God that walks the ſky b 59
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God, who in various methods told a 53
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Great God! to what a glorious height b 112
Great King of Glory and of grace b 159
Great was the day, the joy was great b 144

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews a 134
Happy the church, thou ſacred place b 64
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Hark! the Redeemer from on high a 70
Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims a 18
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High on a hill of dazzling light b 18
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Hoſanna to our conqu'ring King b 89
Hoſanna to the Prince of Light b 70
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How can I ſink with ſuch a prop b 116
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How oft have Sin and Satan ſtrove a 139
How rich are thy proviſions, Lord c 12
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How ſhall I praiſe th' eternal God b 166
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How vain are all things here below b 48
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I give immortal praiſe c 38
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I ſing my Saviour's wond'rous death b 114
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Jeſus, the man of conſtant grief a 12
Jeſus, we bleſs thy Father's name a 54
Jeſus, we bow before thy feet c 18
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HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

Collected from the Holy Scriptures.

BOOK I.

I. *A new ſong to the Lamb that was ſlain*, Rev. v. 6, 8, 9,—12.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidſt his Father's throne!
Prepare new honours for his name,
And ſongs before unknown.

2 Let elders worſhip at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours ſweet,
And harps of ſweeter ſound.

3 Thoſe are the prayers of the ſaints,
And theſe the hymns they raiſe.
Jeſus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praiſe.

[4 Eternal Father, who ſhall look
Into thy ſecret will?

Who but the Son ſhould take that book,
And open ev'ry ſeal?

5 He ſhall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deſerves it well:
Lo, in his hand the ſov'reign keys,
Of heav'n, and death, and hell.]

6 Now to the Lamb that once was ſlain
Be endleſs bleſſings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.

7 Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls with blood,
Haſt ſet the pris'ners free;
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r;
Then ſhorten theſe delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

II. *The deity and humanity of Chriſt*, John i. 3. 24. and Col. i. 16. and Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1 ERE the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad,
From everlaſting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God;
And muſt divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made;
By him ſupported all things ſtand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere ſin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the hoſt of morning ſtars;

(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo! he leaves thoſe heav'nly forms,
The Word deſcends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converſe with worms,
Dreſs'd in ſuch feeble fleſh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son,
How full of truth, how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead ſhone?

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myſt'ries here, and tell
The loves of our deſcending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

III. *The nativity of Chriſt*, Luke i. 30, &c. ii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promiſe is fulfill'd;
Mary, the wond'rous virgin bears,
And Jeſus is the child.

[2 The Lord, the higheſt God
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob ſhall he reign
With a peculiar ſway:
The nations ſhall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears;

He tells the ſhepherds of their joys,
And baniſhes their fears.

5 "Go, humble ſwains," ſaid he,
"To David's city fly;
"The promis'd infant, born to-day,
"Doth in a manger lie.

6 "With looks and hearts ſerene
"Go viſit Chriſt your King;"
And ſtraight a flaming troop was ſeen;
The ſhepherds heard them ſing.

7 "Glory to God on high!
"And heav'nly peace on earth,
"Good-will to men, to angels joy,
"At the Redeemer's birth."

8 In worſhip ſo divine
Let ſaints employ their tongues,
With the celeſtial hoſt we join,
And loud repeat their ſongs.

9 "Glory to God on high!
"And heav'nly peace on earth,
"Good-will to men to angels joy,
"At our Redeemer's birth."

(IV. *Referred to the ſecond Pſalm.*)

V. *Submiſſion to afflictive providences*, Job i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at firſt,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our duſt.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,]
And fondly call our own,

Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (bleſſed be his name)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry paſſions, then,
Let each rebellious ſigh
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

VI. *Triumph over death,* Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

1 GREAT God, I own thy ſentence juſt,
And nature muſt decay;
I yield my body to the duſt,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jeſus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqu'ror ſhall appear
High on a royal ſeat;
And Death, the laſt of all his foes,
Lie vanquiſh'd at his feet.

4 Tho' greedy worms devour my ſkin,
And gnaw my waſting fleſh,

When God ſhall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afreſh.

5 Then ſhall I ſee thy lovely face
With ſtrong immortal eyes,
And feaſt upon thine unknown grace
With pleaſure and ſurpriſe.

VII. *The invitation of the goſpel;* or, *Spiritual food and clothing*, Iſa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the goſpel ſounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry ſtarving ſouls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly ſtrive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal Wiſdom has prepar'd
A ſoul-reviving feaſt,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich proviſion taſte.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living ſtreams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirſt
With ſprings that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

[6 Ye periſhing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,

To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your ſin.

7 Come naked, and adorn your ſouls
In robes prepar'd by God;
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]

8 Dear God! the treaſures of thy love
Are everlaſting mines;
Deep as our helpleſs mis'ries are,
And boundleſs as our ſins.

9 The happy gates of goſpel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to ſeek ſupplies,
And drive our wants away.

VIII. *The ſafety and protection of the church,* Iſa. xxvi. 1,—6.

1 HOW honourable is the place
Where we adorning ſtand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell,
The walls of ſtrong ſalvation made
Defy the aſſaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlaſting gates,
The doors wide open fling:
Enter ye nations that obey
The ſtatutes of our King.

4 Here ſhall you taſte unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;

You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.

5 Truſt in the Lord, for ever truſt,
And baniſh all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

6 What tho' the rebels dwell on high,
His arm ſhall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads ſhall bow.

7 On Babylon our feet ſhall tread
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls ſhall ſpread
A pavement for the poor.

IX. *The promiſes of the covenant of grace*, Iſa. lv. 1, 2. Zech. viii. 11. Micah vii. 10. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, *&c.*

1 IN vain we laviſh out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choiceſt bleſſings earth can yield
Will ſtarve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord ſhall feed our ſouls
With more ſubſtantial meat;
With ſuch as ſaints in glory love,
With ſuch as angels eat.

3 Our God will every want ſupply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanſe our ſpotted ſouls,
And waſh away our ſtains,

In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

[5 Our guilt ſhall vaniſh all away,
Though black as hell before,
Our ſins ſhall ſink beneath the ſea,
And ſhall be found no more.

6 And leaſt pollution ſhould o'erſpread
Our inward pow'rs again,
His ſpirit ſhall bedew our ſouls
Like purifying rain.]

7 Our Heart, that flinty, ſtubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatnings of his wrath,
Shall be diſſolv'd by love:

8 Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treaſures of his grace,
Beſtow a ſofter mind.

9 There ſhall his ſecret ſpirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our ſouls
To ſwift obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour ſalvation down,
And we ſhall render praiſe;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

X. *The bleſſedneſs of goſpel-times;* or, *the revelation of Chriſt to Jews and Gentiles*, Iſa. v. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10. Mat. xiii. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who ſtand on Zion's hill,

Who bring ſalvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How ſweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful ſound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And ſought, but never found!

4 How bleſſed are our eyes
That ſee this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings deſir'd it long,
But died without the ſight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jeruſalem breaks forth in ſongs,
And deſerts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

XI. *The humble enlightened, and carnal reaſon humbled*, or *The ſovereignty of grace*, Luke x. 21, 22.

1 THere was an hour when Chriſt rejoic'd,
And ſpoke his joy in words of praiſe;
"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
"Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and ſeas,

2 "I thank thy ſov'reign pow'r and love,
"That crowns my doctrine with ſucceſs;

" And make the babes in knowledge learn
" The heights, and breadths, and lengths
of grace.

3 " But all this glory lies conceal'd
" From men of prudence and of wit;
" The prince of darkneſs blinds their eyes,
" And their own pride reſiſts the light.

4 " Father, 'tis thus, becauſe they will
" Choſe and ordain'd it ſhould be ſo;
" 'Tis thy delight t' abaſe the proud,
" And lay the haughty ſcorner low.

5 " There's none can know the Father's right
" But thoſe that learn it from the Son;
" Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
" But where the Father makes him known."

6 Then let our ſouls adore our God,
That deals his graces as he pleaſe;
Nor gives to mortals an account
Or of his actions or decrees.

XII. *Free grace in revealing Chriſt*, Luke x. 21.

1 JESUS, the man of conſtant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His ſpirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praiſe.

2 " Father, I thank thy wond'rous love
" That hath reveal'd thy Son
" To men unlearn'd, and to babes
" Has made thy goſpel known.

3 " Thy myſteries of redeeming grace
" Are hidden from the wiſe,

"While pride and carnal reas'nings join
"To ſwell and blind their eyes."

4 Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own ſov'reign will.

XIII. *The Son of God incarnate;* or, *The titles and the kingdom of Chriſt*, Iſa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

1 THE lands that long in darkneſs lay
Now have beheld a heav'nly light,
Nations that ſat in death's cold ſhade
Are bleſs'd with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born;
Behold th' expected child appear:
What ſhall his names or titles be?
"The Wonderful! The Counſellor!"

[3 This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be ſuckl'd and ador'd;
Th' Eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David and his Lord.]

4 The government of earth and ſeas
Upon his ſhoulders ſhall be laid;
His wide dominions ſhall increaſe,
And honours to his name be paid.

5 Jeſus, the holy child, ſhall ſit
High on his Father David's throne;
Shall cruſh his foes beneath his feet
And reign to ages yet unknown.

XIV. *The triumph of faith;* or, *Chriſt's unchangeable love,* Rom. viii. 33, &c.

1 WHO ſhall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that juſtifies their ſouls;
And mercy like a mighty ſtream,
O'er all their ſins divinely rolls.

2 Who ſhall adjudge the ſaints to hell?
'Tis Chriſt that ſuffer'd in their ſtead;
And the ſalvation to fulfil,
Behold him riſing from the dead.

3 He lives! he lives! and ſits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who ſhall divide us from his love?
Or what ſhall tempt us to deſpair!

4 Shall perſecution or diſtreſs,
Famine, or ſword, or nakedneſs?
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Chriſt is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we ſink with ſuch a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cauſe his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Chriſt, our love.

XV. *Our own weakneſs, and Chriſt our ſtrength,* 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour ſay,
" Strength ſhall be equal to thy day:"

Then I rejoice in deep diſtreſs,
Leaning on all ſufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Chriſt's own pow'r may reſt on me;
When I am weak, then am I ſtrong,
Grace is my ſhield, and Chriſt my ſong.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All ſuff'rings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleaſures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head ſuſtains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations ſpring and riſe,
We find how great our weakneſs is.

5 So Samſon, when his hair was loſt,
Met the Philiſtines to his coſt;
Shook his vain limbs with ſad ſurpriſe
Made feeble fight, and loſt his eyes.

XVI. *Hoſannah to Chriſt.* Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son,
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his perſon one,
Myſterious and divine.

2 The root of David here we find,
And offſpring is the ſame;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Bleſs'd he that comes to wretched men.
With peaceful news from heav'n!

Hoſannas of the higheſt ſtrain
To Chriſt the Lord be given!

4 Let mortals ne'er refuſe to take
Th' Hoſanna on their tongues,
Leſt rocks and ſtones ſhould riſe and break
Their ſilence into ſongs.

XVII. *Victory over death*, Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 O For an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monſter Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the ſtrength I have,
My quiv'ring lips ſhould ſing,
"Where is thy boaſted vict'ry, Grave?
"And where the monſter's ſting?"

3 If ſin be pardon'd I'm ſecure,
Death hath no ſting beſide;
The law gives ſin its damning pow'r;
But Chriſt, my ranſom, dy'd.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Thro' Chriſt our living Head.

XVIII. *Bleſſed are the dead that die in the Lord*, Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEar what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the ſavour of their names,
And ſoft their ſleeping bed.

2 They die in Jeſus, and are bleſs'd:
How kind their ſlumbers are!
From ſuff'rings and from ſins releas'd
And freed from ev'ry ſnare.

3 Far from this world of toil and ſtrife
They're preſent with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

XIX. *The Song of Simeon;* or, *Death made deſirable,* Luke ii. 27, &c.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the ſame!

2 With what divine and vaſt delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He claſp'd the holy child!

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cry'd.
"Behold thy ſervant dies;
"I've ſeen thy great ſalvation, Lord,
"And cloſe my peaceful eyes.

4 "This is the light prepar'd to ſhine
"Upon the Gentile lands,
"Thine Iſrael's glory and their hope,
"To break their ſlaviſh bands."

[5 Jeſus! the viſion of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce ſhall I feel Death's cold embrace,
If Chriſt be in my arms.]

6 Then while ye hear my heart-ſtrings break,
How ſweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleneſs on my cheek,
And glory in my ſoul.]

XX. *Spiritual apparel*, viz. *The robe of righteouſneſs, and garments of ſalvation*, Iſa. lvi. 10.

1 AWAKE my heart, ariſe, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked ſoul,
And made ſalvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces ſhine.

3 And leſt the ſhadow of a ſpot
Should on my ſoul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And caſt it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
Theſe ornaments how bright they ſhine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace:
But Jeſus ſpent his life, to work
The robe of right'ouſneſs.

6 Strangely, my ſoul, art thou array'd
By the great ſacred Three!
In ſweeteſt harmony of praiſe
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

XXI. *A viſion of the kingdom of God among men,* Rev. xxxii. 1—4.

1 LO! what a glorious ſight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and ſeas are paſt away,
And the old rolling ſkies.

2 From the third heav'n, where God reſides
That holy, happy place,
The new Jeruſalem comes down,
Adorn'd with ſhining grace.

3 Attending angels ſhout for joy,
And the bright armies ſing,
" Mortals! Behold the ſacred ſeat
" Of your deſcending King.

4 " The God of Glory down to men
" Removes his bleſs'd abode;
" Men, the dear objects of his grace,
" And he the loving God.

5 " His own ſoft hand ſhall wipe the tears
" From ev'ry weeping eye;
" And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
" And death itſelf ſhall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly ſwiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

[XXII. XXIII. *Referred to the* CXXVth *Pſalm*]

XXIV. *The rich ſinner dying,* Pſal. lxix. 6, 9. Eccleſ. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

1 IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their ſhining duſt in vain,
Look down and ſcorn the humble poor,
And boaſt their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their golden cordials cannot eaſe
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching Death,
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.

3 The ling'ring, the unwilling ſoul,
The diſmal ſummons muſt obey,
And bid a long, a ſad farewel,
To the pale lump of lifeleſs clay.

4 Thence they are huddl'd to the grave,
Where kings and ſlaves have equal thrones;
Their bones without diſtinction lie
Amongſt the heap of meaner bones.

[*The reſt referred to the* xlixth *Pſalm.*]

XXV. *A viſion of the Lamb,* Rev. v. 6,—9.

1 ALL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears,
Behold, amidſt th' eternal throne
A viſion of the Lamb appears.

[2 Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes, and ſev'n his horns,
To ſpeak his wiſdom and his pow'r.

3 Lo, he receives a ſealed book
From him that ſits upon the throne;
Jeſus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown.

4 All the aſſembling ſaints around
Fall worſhipping before the Lamb,
And, in new ſongs of goſpel-ſound,
Addreſs their honours to his name.

5 The joy, the ſhout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlaſting hills:
"Worthy art thou alone, they cry,
"To read the book, to looſe the ſeals.]

6 Our voices join the heav'nly ſtrain,
And with tranſporting pleaſure ſing,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was ſlain,
"To be our Teacher and our King!

7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counſels, deep deſigns;
His grace and vengeance ſhall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8 Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls from hell;
With thine invaluable blood:
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made fav'rites of their God.

9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for treaſons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

XXVI. *Hope of heaven by the reſurrection of Chriſt*, Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlaſting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the ſky,
He gave our ſouls a lively hope
That they ſhould never die.

3 What though our inbred ſins require
Our fleſh to ſee the duſt,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour roſe,
So all his followers muſt.

4 There's an Inheritance divine
Reſerv'd againſt that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the ſalvation come;
We walk by faith as ſtrangers here,
Till Chriſt ſhall call us home.

XXVII. *Aſſurance of heaven;* or, *A ſaint prepared to die*, 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 DEATH may diſſolve my body now,
And bear my ſpirit home;
Why do my minutes move ſo ſlow,
Nor my ſalvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,

Finiſh'd my courſe, and kept the faith,
And wait the ſure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to ſee
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jeſus, the Lord, ſhall guard me ſafe
From ev'ry ill deſign,
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble ſoul of mine.

6 God is my everlaſting aid,
And hell ſhall rage in vain;
To him be higheſt glory paid,
And endleſs praiſe. *Amen.*

XXVIII. *The triumph of Chriſt over the enemies of his Church*, Iſa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1 WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in ſtate
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozra's gate.

2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis ſome victorious king:
"'Tis I, the Juſt, th' Almighty One,
"That your ſalvation bring."

3 "Why, mighty Lord," thy ſaints inquire,
"Why thine apparel's red?

" And all thy veſture ſtain'd like thoſe
" Who in the wine preſs tread."

4 " I by myſelf have trod the preſs,
" And cruſh'd my foes alone;
" My wrath has ſtruck the rebels dead,
" My fury ſtamp'd them down.

5 " 'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
" With joyful ſcarlet ſtains;
" The triumph that my raiment wears,
" Sprung from their bleeding veins.

6 " Thus ſhall the nations be deſtroy'd,
" That dare inſult my ſaints:
" I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
" An ear for their complaints."

XXIX. *The ſecond part;* or, *the ruin of Anti-Chriſt*, ver. 4,—7.

1 " I Lift my banner," ſaith the Lord,
" Where Antichriſt hath ſtood;
" The city of my goſpel-foes
" Shall be a field of blood.

2 " My heart has ſtudy'd juſt revenge,
" And now the day appears,
" The day of my redeem'd is come
" To wipe away their tears.

3 " Quite weary is my patience grown,
" And bids my fury go:
" Swift as the lightning it ſhall move
" And be as fatal too.

4 " I call for helpers, but in vain;
" Then has my goſpel none?

" Well, mine own arm has might enough
" To cruſh my foes alone.

5 " Slaughter, and my devouring ſword
" Shall walk the ſtreets around;
" Babel ſhall reel beneath my ſtroke,
" And ſtagger to the ground."

6 Thy honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand ſhall raiſe,
While we thy awful vengeance ſing,
And our Deliv'rer praiſe.

XXX. *Prayer for deliverance anſwered*, Iſa. xxvi. 8,—20.

1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the viſits of thy grace;
Our ſoul's deſire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are ſearching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongſt the black ſhades of loneſome night;
My earneſt cries ſalute the ſkies
Before the dawn reſtores the light.

3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they ſhall ſee thy lifted hand,
And feel the ſcourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! th' Eternal rends the ſky,
A mighty voice before him goes;
A voice of muſic to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5 " Come, children, to your Father's arms,
" Hide in the chambers of my grace,

" Till the fierce ſtorms be overblown,
" And my revenging fury ceaſe.

6 " My ſword ſhall boaſt its thouſands ſlain,
" And drink the blood of haughty kings,
" While heav'nly peace around my flock
" Stretches its ſoft and downy wings."

[XXXI. *Referred to the firſt Pſalm.*]

XXXII. *Strength from Heaven*, Iſaiah xl. 27, 28, 29, 30.

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts ariſe!
And where's my courage fled?
Has reſtleſs ſin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot the almighty Name
That form'd the earth and ſea?
And can an all-creating Arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treaſures of everlaſting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conqueſt to the weak
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r ſhall fade and die,
And youthful vigour ceaſe;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our ſtrength increaſe.

5 The ſaints ſhall mount on eagles' wings,
And taſte the promis'd bliſs,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleaſure is.

XXXIII. XXXIV. XXXV. XXXVI. XXVII XXXVIII.
Referred to Pſalm cxxxi. cxxxiv. lxvii. lxxiii. xc. *and* lxxxiv.

XXXIX. *God's tender care of his church,* Iſa. xlix. 13, 14, *&c.*

1 NOW ſhall my inward joys ariſe
And burſt into a ſong,
Almighty love inſpires my heart,
And pleaſure tunes my tongue.

2 God on his thirſty Zion-hill
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And ſolemn oaths have bound his love
To ſhow'r ſalvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suſpicions and complaints?
Is he a God, and ſhall his grace
Grow weary of his ſaints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And, 'mongſt a thouſand tender thoughts,
Her ſuckling have no room?

5 "Yet," ſaith the Lord, "ſhould nature change,
"And mothers monſters prove,
"Zion ſtill dwells upon the heart
"Of everlaſting Love.

6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
"I have engrav'd her name;
"My hand ſhall raiſe her ruin'd walls,
"And build her broken frame."

XL. *The buſineſs and bleſſedneſs of glorified ſaints,* Rev. vii. 13, 14, &c.

1 "WHAT happy men, or angels, theſe,
"That all their robes are ſpotleſs
"white?
"Whence did this glorious troop arrive
"At the pure realms of heav'nly light?"

2 From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
And ſeas of their own blood they came;
But nobler blood has waſh'd their robes,
Flowing from Chriſt the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' Almighty throne
With loud Hoſannas night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One,
Meaſure their bleſs'd eternity.

4 No more ſhall hunger pain their ſouls;
He bids their parching thirſt be gone,
And ſpreads the ſhadow of his wings,
To ſcreen them from the ſcorching ſun.

5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne,
Shall ſhade around his milder beams;
There ſhall they feaſt on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living ſtreams.

6 Thus ſhall their mighty bliſs renew
Thro' the vaſt round of endleſs years,
And the ſoft hand of ſov'reign Grace
Heal all their wounds and wipe their tears.

XLI. *The ſame;* or, *the martyrs glorified,* Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright
"they ſhine!
"Whence all their white array;

" How came they to the happy ſeats
" Of everlaſting day?"

2 From tort'ring pains to endleſs joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And ſtrangely waſh'd their raiment white
In Jeſus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a ſpotleſs God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and ſacred ſongs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongſt his ſaints reſide,
While the rich treaſure of his grace
Sees all their wants ſupply'd.

5 Tormenting thirſt ſhall leave their ſouls,
And hunger flee as faſt;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their ſweet repaſt.

6 The Lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains riſe,
And Love Divine ſhall wipe away
The ſorrows of their eyes.

XLII. *Divine wrath and mercy,* Nah. i. 1, 2, &c.

1 ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a " conſuming fire*;"
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raiſe his vengeance higher.

2 Almighty vengeance how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!

* Heb. xii. 29.

Vaſt magazines of plagues and ſtorms
Lie treaſur'd for his foes.

3 Thoſe heaps of wrath, by ſlow degrees,
Are forc'd into a flame,
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all Nature's frame.

4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And ſeek a wat'ry grave:
The frighted ſea makes haſte away,
And ſhrinks up ev'ry wave.

5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
Are ſwift as hailſtones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fiery rage,
That ſhakes the ſolid world?

6 Yet, mighty God! thy ſov'reign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy choſen race
When wrath comes ruſhing down.

7 Thy hand ſhall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempeſt pour,
While we beneath thy ſhelt'ring wings
Thy juſt revenge adore.

[XLIII. XLIV. *Referred to the* c. and cxxiii. *Pſalm.*]

XLV. *The laſt judgment*, Rev. xxi. 5,—8.

1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majeſtic throne,
While from the ſkies his awful voice
Bears the laſt judgment down.

[2 " I am the Firſt, and I the Laſt,
" Through endleſs years the ſame;
" I AM, is my memorial ſtill,
" And my eternal name.

3 " Such favours as a God can give
" My royal grace beſtows;
" Ye thirſty ſouls, come taſte the ſtreams
" Where life and pleaſure flows.

4 " The ſaint that triumphs o'er his ſins,
" I'll own him for a Son;
" The whole creation ſhall reward
" The conqueſts he has won.

5 " But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
" And all the lying race,
" The faithleſs and the ſcoffing crew,
" That ſpurn at offer'd grace;

6 " They ſhall be taken from my ſight,
" Bound faſt in iron chains,
" And headlong plung'd into the lake
" Where fire and darkneſs reigns."]

7 O may I ſtand before the Lamb,
When earth and ſeas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With bleſſings on my head!

8 May I with thoſe for ever dwell
Who here were my delight;
While ſinners baniſh'd down to hell,
No more offend my ſight!

[XLVI. and XLVII. *Referred to Pſalm* clviii. and iii.]

XLVIII. *The Chriſtian race*, Iſa. xl. 28,—31.

1 AWAKE, our ſouls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feels the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

3 The mighty God, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endleſs years
Their everlaſting circles run.

4 From thee, the o'erflowing ſpring,
Our ſouls ſhall drink a freſh ſupply,
While ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our ſoul ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly road.

XLIX. *The works of Moſes and the Lamb*, Rev. xv. 3.

1 HOW ſtrong thine arm is mighty God,
Who would not fear thy name!
Jeſus, how ſweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moſes did,
Our Prophet and our King?

From bonds of hell he freed our ſouls,
And taught our lips to ſing.

3 In the Red-ſea by Moſes' hand
Th' Egyptian hoſt was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our ſins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When thro' the deſert Iſr'el went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his fleſh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moſes beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Chriſt ſhall bring his followers home,
To ſee his Father's face.

6 Then will our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame;
And ſweeter voices tune the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

L. *The ſong of Zecharias, and the meſſage of John the Baptiſt;* or, *Light and ſalvation by Jeſus Chriſt*, Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29. 32.

1 NOW be the God of Iſr'el bleſs'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he ſware.

2 Now he bedews old David's root
With bleſſings from the ſkies;
He makes the branch of promiſe grow,
The promis'd horn ariſe.

[3 John was the prophet of the Lord
To go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great ſalvation known,
He ſpeaks of pardon'd ſins;
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,
In its own glory ſhines.

5 "Behold the Lamb of God, he cries,
"That takes our guilt away;
"I ſaw the ſpirit o'er his head
"On his baptizing day.]

6 "Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
"Sink ev'ry mountain low;
"The proud muſt ſtoop, and humble ſouls
"Shall his ſalvation know.

7 "The heathen realms with Iſr'el's land
"Shall join in ſweet accord;
"And all that's born of man ſhall ſee
"The glory of the Lord.

8 "Behold the Morning Star ariſe,
"Ye that in darkneſs ſit;
"He marks the path that leads to peace,
"And guides our doubtful feet."

LI. *Perſevering grace*, Jude, ver. 24, 25.

1 TO God the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies
Their humble praiſes bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counſel and his care,

Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful ſnare.

3 He will preſent our ſouls
Unblemiſh'd and complete
Before the glory of his face
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wiſdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs.

LII. *Baptiſm*, Mat. xxvii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 'TWAS the commiſſion of our Lord,
"Go teach the nations and baptize."
The nations have receiv'd the word,
Since he aſcended to the ſkies.

2 He ſits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And ſends his cov'nant with the ſeals,
To bleſs the diſtant Britiſh lands.

3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he ſaith,
"For the remiſſion of your ſins;"
And thus our ſenſe aſſiſts our faith,
And ſhows us what his goſpel means.

4 Our ſouls he waſhes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Deſcends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourſelves to thee,
And ſeal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal Three,
In heav'n our ſolemn vows record!

LIII. *The holy ſcriptures*, Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Pſal. cxlvii. 19, 20.

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to ſaints of old,
Sent down his Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in theſe latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
The book of life, that ſure record:
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by the ſweet conveyance giv'n.

3 God's kindeſt thoughts are here expreſt,
Able to make us wiſe and bleſt;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 Ye Britiſh iſles, who read his love
In long epiſtles from above,
(He hath not ſent his ſacred word
To ev'ry land,) praiſe ye the Lord.

LIV. *Electing grace;* or, *Saints beloved in Chriſt*, Eph. i. 3, *&c.*

1 JESUS, we bleſs thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the ſame;
What heav'nly bleſſings from his throne
Flow down to ſinners through his Son!

2 "Chriſt be my firſt elect," he ſaid,
Then choſe our ſouls in Chriſt our head,

Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal Love begin
To raiſe us up from death and ſin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameleſs in love, a holy ſeed."

4 Predeſtinated to be ſons,
Born by degrees, but choſe at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praiſe the glory of his grace.

5 With Chriſt our Lord we ſhare a part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor ſhall our ſouls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his firſt belov'd.

LV. *Hezekiah's Song;* or, *Sickneſs and Recovery.* Iſa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep diſtreſs,
Our God deſerves a ſong;
We take the pattern of our praiſe
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Command them faſt again.

3 Pains of the fleſh are wont t' abuſe
Our minds with ſlaviſh fears;
"Our days are paſt, and we ſhall loſe
"the remnant of our years."

4 We chatter with a ſwallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,

With bitterneſs inſtead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah ſpeaks the healing word,
And no diſeaſe withſtands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the ſtrings of life ſhould break,
He can our frame reſtore:
He caſts our ſins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

LVI. *The ſong of Moſes and the Lamb;* or, *Babylon fallen,* Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 19. and xvii. 6.

1 WE ſing the glories of thy love,
We ſound thy dreadful name,
The Chriſtian Church unites the ſongs
"Of Moſes and the Lamb."

2 Great God! how wond'rous are thy works
Of veng'ance and of grace?
Thou King of Saints, almighty Lord,
How juſt and true thy ways?

3 Who dares refuſe to fear thy name,
Or worſhip at thy throne?
Thy judgments ſpeak thine holineſs
Through all the nations known.

4 Great Babylon that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyr's blood,
Her crimes ſhall ſpeedily awake
The fury of our God.

5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And ſhe muſt drink the dregs;

Strong is the Lord her ſov'reign Judge,
And ſhall fulfil the plagues.

LVII. *Original ſin;* or, *The firſt and ſecond Adam,* Rom. v. 12, &c. Pſal. li 5. Job xiv. 4.

1 BAckward with humble ſhame we look
On our original;
How is our nature daſh'd and broke
in our firſt father's fall.

2 To all that's good averſe and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkneſs veils our mind!
How obſtinate our will?

[3 Conceiv'd in ſin (O wretched ſtate?)
Before we draw our breath;
The firſt young pulſe begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How ſtrong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!]

5 Wild and unwholeſome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From ſuch a deadly tree?

6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital ſtream
From an infected ſpring?

7 Yet mighty God, thy wond'rous love
Can make our nature clean,

While Chriſt and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and ſin.

8 the ſecond Adam ſhall reſtore
The ruins of the firſt;
Hoſanna to that ſov'reign Pow'r
That new-creates our duſt!

LVIII. *The devil vanquiſhed;* or, *Michael's war with the Dragon,* Rev. xii. 7.

1 LET mortal tongues attempt to ſing
The wars of heav'n, when Michael ſtood
Chief gen'ral of th' eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Againſt the Dragon and his hoſt
The armies of the Lord prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boaſt,
Their courage ſinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And ſhook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkneſs paſt,
Chriſt hath aſſum'd the reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuſer caſt
Down from the ſkies to riſe no more.

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6 Rejoice ye heav'ns! let ev'ry ſtar
Shine with new glories round the ſky;

Saints, while ye ſing the heav'nly war,
Raiſe your Deliv'rer's name on high.

LIX. *Babylon fallen*, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

1 IN Gabriel's hand a mighty ſtone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon:
"Prophets rejoice, and all ye ſaints,
"God ſhall avenge your long complaints."

2 He ſaid, and dreadful as he ſtood,
He ſunk the millſtone in the flood:
"Thus terribly ſhall Babel fall,
"Thus, and no more be found at all."

LX. *The Virgin Mary's Song*; or, *The promiſed Meſſiah born*, Luke i. 46, &c.

1 OUR ſouls ſhall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice;
While we repeat the Virgin's ſong,
May the ſame ſpirit tune our voice.

[2 The higheſt ſaw her low eſtate,
And mighty things his hand hath done:
His overſhadowing pow'r and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.

3 Let ev'ry nation call her bleſs'd,
And endleſs years prolong her fame;
But God alone muſt be ador'd;
Holy and reverend is his name.]

4 To thoſe that fear and truſt the Lord
His mercy ſtands for ever ſure;
From age to age his promiſe lives,
And the performance is ſecure.

5 He ſpake to Ab'ram and his ſeed,
"In thee ſhall all the earth be bleſſed;"
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breaſt.

6 But now no more ſhall Iſr'el wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
Lo, the Deſire of Nations comes;
Behold the promis'd Seed is born!

LXI. *Chriſt our High-Prieſt and King; and Chriſt coming to Judgment*, Rev. i. 5,—7.

1 NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our fouleſt ſins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt blood:
'Tis he that makes us prieſts and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jeſus our atoning Prieſt,
To Jeſus, our ſuperior King,
Be everlaſting pow'r confeſs'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory ſing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye ſhall ſee him move;
Tho' with our ſins we pierc'd him once,
Then he diſplays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world ſhall wail,
While we rejoice to ſee the day:
"Come, Lord," nor let thy promiſe fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

LXII. *Chriſt Jeſus the Lamb of God worſhipped by all the Creation*, Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

1 COME let us join our cheerful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was ſlain for us."

3 Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the ſky,
And air, and earth, and ſeas,
Conſpire to lift thy glories high,
And ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

LXIII. *Chriſt's humiliation and exaltation*, Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal honours ſhall we bring,
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels ſing,
Are far inferior to thy name.

2 Worthy is he that once was ſlain,
The Prince of Life that groan'd and dy'd:
Worthy to riſe, to live, and reign,
At his Almighty Father's ſide.

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who ſtood condemn'd at Pilot's bar:
Wiſdom belongs to Jeſus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madneſs here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he ſuſtain'd amazing loſs;
To him aſcribe eternal might,
Who left his weakneſs on the croſs.

5 Honour immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of ſcandal and of ſcorn:
While glory ſhines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curſe of wretched men:
Let angels ſound his ſacred name,
And ev'ry creature ſay, *Amen.*

LXIV. *Adoption*, 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

1 BEHOLD what wond'rous grace
The Father has beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them ſons of God.

2 'Tis no ſurpriſing thing,
That we ſhould be unknown:
The Jewiſh world knew not their King,
God's everlaſting Son:

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we muſt be made:

But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our Head.

4 A hope ſo much divine,
May trials well endure,
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To reſt upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like ſlaves beneath the throne;
My faith ſhall, "Abba Father," cry,
And thou the kindred own.

LXV. *The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of the Lord;* or, *the day of judgment,* Rev. xi. 15.

1 LET the ſeventh angel ſound on high,
Let ſhouts be heard thro' all the ſky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy pow'r aſſume;
Who waſt, and art, and art to come;
Jeſus the Lamb, who once was ſlain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can ſlay the ſaints no more.
On wings of Veng'ance flies our God
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now muſt the riſing dead appear;
Now the deciſive ſentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

LXVI. *Chriſt the King at his Table*, Song i. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13, 17.

1 LET him embrace my ſoul, and prove
Mine int'reſt in his heav'nly love;
The voice that tells me, "Thou art mine,"
Exceeds the bleſſings of the vine.

2 On thee the anointing Spirit came,
And ſpreads the ſavour of thy name;
That oil of gladneſs and of grace,
Draws virgin ſouls to meet thy face.

3 Jeſus, allure me by thy charms,
My ſoul ſhall fly into thine arms;
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

4 Wonder and pleaſure tune our voice,
To ſpeak thy praiſes, and our joys;
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taſte of richeſt wine.

5 Though in ourſelves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear,
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

6 While at his table ſits the King,
He loves to ſee us ſit and ſing:
Our graces are our beſt perfume,
And breathe like ſpikenard round the room.

7 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is the dying Chriſt to me;
And while he makes my ſoul his gueſt,
My boſom, Lord, ſhall be thy reſt.

[8 No beams of Cedar or of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare:
And here we wait until thy love
Raiſe us to nobler ſeats above.]

LXVII. *Seeking the paſtures of Chriſt the Shepherd*, Song i. 7.

1 THOU, whom my ſoul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy ſweeteſt paſture grow?

2 Where is the ſhadow of that rock
That from the ſun defends thy flock?
Fain wou'd I feed among thy ſheep,
Among them reſt, among them ſleep.

3 Why ſhould thy bride appear like one
That turns aſide to paths unknown?
My conſtant feet would never rove,
Would never ſeek another love.

[4 The footſteps of thy flock I ſee;
Thy ſweeteſt paſtures here they be,
A wond'rous feaſt thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

5 His deareſt fleſh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richeſt blood;
Here to theſe hills my ſoul will come,
Till my beloved leads me home.]

LXVIII. *The banquet of love,* Song ii. 1,—7.

1 BEHOLD the roſe of Sharon here,
The lily which the vallies bear;
Behold the tree of life that gives
Refreſhing fruit and healing leaves.

2 Amongſt the thorns ſo lilies ſhine:
Amongſt wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidſt a thouſand meaner loves.

3 Beneath his cooling ſhade I ſat,
To ſhield me from the burning heat;
Of heav'nly fruit he ſpreads a feaſt,
To feed my eyes, and pleaſe my taſte.

[4 Kindly he brought me to the place,
Where ſtands the banquet of his grace;
He ſaw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he ſpread.

5 With living bread, and gen'rous wine,
He cheers this ſinking heart of mine:
And op'ning his own heart to me,
He ſhows his thoughts how kind they be.]

6 O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down and reſt upon my heart;
I charge my ſins not once to move,
Nor ſtir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

LXIX. *Chriſt appearing to his church and ſeeking her company,* Song ii. 8,—13.

1 THE voice of my beloved ſounds
Over the rocks and riſing grounds;

O'er hills of guilt, and ſeas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now through the veil of fleſh I ſee
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the goſpel's cleareſt glaſs
He ſhows the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
"Riſe," ſaith my Lord, "make haſte away,
"No mortal joys are worth thy ſtay.

4 "The Jewiſh wint'ry ſtate is gone,
"The miſts are fled the ſpring comes on;
"The ſacred turtle-dove we hear
"Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 "Th' immortal vine of heavenly root
"Bloſſoms and buds, and gives her fruit;"
Lo! we are come to taſte the wine,
Our ſouls rejoice, and bleſs the vine.

6 And when we hear our Jeſus ſay,
"Riſe up, my love, and haſte away!"
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

LXX. *Chriſt inviting, and the church anſwering the invitation*, Song ii. 14, 16, 17.

[1 HARK! the Redeemer from on high,
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;
From caves of darkneſs, and of doubt,
He gently ſpeaks, and calls us out.

2 "My dove, who hideſt in the rock,
"Thine heart almoſt with ſorrow broke,

"Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
"And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3 "Thy voice to me ſounds ever ſweet:
"My graces in thy count'nance meet;
"Though the vain world thy face deſpiſe,
"'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope their invitation gives:
To thee our joyful lips ſhall raiſe,
The voice of prayer and of praiſe.]

[5 I am my Love's, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our paſſions join;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought ariſe to grieve my Lord.

6 My ſoul thro' paſtures fair he leads,
Among the lilies where he feeds;
Among the ſaints, whoſe robes are white,
Waſh'd in his blood, is his delight.

7 Till the day break, and ſhadows flee,
Till the ſweet dawning light I ſee,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my ſoul in darkneſs mourn.

8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and ſin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
My Love, my Saviour, from my ſide.]

LXXI. *Chriſt found in the ſtreet, and brought to the church*, Song iii. 1,—5.

1 OFTEN I ſeek my Lord, by night,
Jeſus, my love, my ſoul's delight!

With warm deſire, and reſtleſs thought,
I ſeek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I ariſe and ſearch the ſtreet,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet
I aſk the watchmen of the night,
"Where did you ſee my ſoul's delight?"

3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heav'nly ray;
I leap for joy to ſee his face,
And hold him faſt in mine embrace.

[4 I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuſe to come;
To Zion's ſacred chambers, where
My ſoul firſt drew the vital air.

5 He gave me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my ſake with deadly ſmart;
I gave my ſoul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens ſhare.]

6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to diſturb my joys;
Nor ſin, nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cauſe my Saviour to depart.

LXXII. *The coronation of Chriſt, and eſpouſals of the church*, Song iii. 2.

1 DAUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold
The crown of honour, and of gold,
Which the glad church with joys unknown
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

2 Jeſus, thou everlaſting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;

Accept the well-deſerv'd renown,
And wear our praiſes as thy crown.

Let ev'ry act of worſhip be
Like our eſpouſals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We firſt receiv'd the pledge of love.

The gladneſs of that happy day!
Our hearts would wiſh it long to ſtay;
Nor let our faith forſake its hold,
Nor comfort ſink, nor love grow cold.

Each following minute, as it flies,
Increaſe thy praiſe, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to ſing thy name
At the great ſupper of the Lamb.

O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
The King of Grace ſhall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

XXIII. *The church's beauty in the eyes of Chriſt,* Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

1 KIND is the ſpeech of Chriſt our Lord,
Affection ſounds in ev'ry word,
"Lo! thou art fair, my love," he cries,
"Not the young doves have ſweeter eyes.

2 "Sweet are thy lips, thy pleaſing voice
"Salutes mine ear with ſecret joys;
"No ſpice ſo much delights the ſmell,
"Nor milk nor honey taſte ſo well.]

"Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,
"I will behold no ſpot in thee.

What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comelineſs on worms.

4 Defil'd and loathſome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair:
Adorns us with that heav'nly dreſs,
His graces and his righteouſneſs.

5 "My ſiſter, and my ſpouſe," he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties,
"Thy pow'rful love my heart detains,
"In ſtrong delight, and pleaſing chains."

6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wide world of beaſts and men,
To Zion, where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half ſo fair.

7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my ſtay,
When Chriſt invites my ſoul away.

LXXIV. *The church the garden of Chriſt,* Song iv. 12, 14, 15, and v. 1.

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Choſen and made peculiar ground;
A little ſpot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderneſs.

2 Like trees of myrrh and ſpice we ſtand,
Planted by God the Father's hand:
And all his ſprings in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;

Spirit divine, deſcend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our beſt ſpices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

[5 Let my beloved come and taſte
His pleaſant fruits at our own feaſt.
"I come, my Spouſe, I come," he cries,
With love and pleaſure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to ſmell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feaſt divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

7 "Eat of the Tree of Life my friends,
"The bleſſings that my Father ſends;
"Your taſte ſhall all my dainties prove,
"And drink abundance of my love."

8 Jeſus, we will frequent thy board,
And ſing the bounties of our Lord;
But the rich food on which we live,
Demands more praiſe than tongue can give.]

LXXV. *The deſcription of Chriſt the Beloved,* Song v. 9,—12, 14, 15, 16.

1 THE wond'ring world inquires to know,
Why I ſhould love my Jeſus ſo:
"What are his charms," ſay they, "above
"The objects of a mortal love?"

2 Yes, my Beloved, to my ſight
Shows a ſweet mixture, red and white:

All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and ſhine.

3 White is his ſoul, from blemiſh free,
Red with the blood he ſhed for me;
The faireſt of ten thouſand fairs,
A ſun amongſt ten thouſand ſtars.

[4 His head the fineſt gold excels;
There wiſdom in perfection dwells,
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Thoſe temples once beſet with thorns.

5 Compaſſions in his heart are found,
Hard by the ſignals of his wound:
His ſacred ſide no more ſhall bear
The cruel ſcourge, the piercing ſpear.]

[6 His hands are fairer to behold,
Than diamonds ſet in rings of gold;
Thoſe heav'nly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7 Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with ſins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars ſtand.]

[8 His eyes are majeſty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more ſhall trickling ſorrows roll
Thro' thoſe dear windows of his ſoul.]

9 His mouth that pour'd out long complaints
Now ſmiles and cheers his fainting ſaints:
His countenance more graceful is,
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Muſt be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

LXXVI. *Chriſt dwells in heaven, but viſits on earth*, Song vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

1 WHEN ſtrangers ſtand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may ſeek and love him too.

2 My beſt beloved keeps his throne,
On hills of light in worlds unknown,
But he deſcends and ſhows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

[3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order ſtand,
He feeds among the ſpicy beds,
Where lilies ſhow their ſpotleſs heads.

4 He has engroſs'd my warmeſt love,
No earthly charms my ſoul can move:
I have a manſion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell, ſhall make us part.]

[5 He takes my ſoul ere I'm aware,
And ſhows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Aminadib
The heav'nly rapture can deſcribe.

6 O may my ſpirit daily riſe
On wings of faith above the ſkies!
Till death ſhall make my laſt remove
To dwell for ever with my love.]

LXXVII. *The love of Chriſt to the church, in his language to her, and proviſion for her,* Song vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

1 NOW in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he ſays:
"How fair my ſaints are in my ſight!
"My love how pleaſant for delight!"

2 Kind is thy language, ſov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word;
From that dear mouth a ſtream divine
Flows ſweeter than the choiceſt wine.

3 Such wond'rous love awakes the lip
Of ſaints that were almoſt aſleep,
To ſpeak the praiſes of thy name,
And makes our cold affections flame.

4 Theſe are the joys he lets us know,
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a reliſh of his love;
But keeps his nobleſt feaſt above.

5 In Paradiſe, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in ſtore,
Where we ſhall feed but thirſt no more.

LXXVIII. *The ſtrength of Chriſt's love, and the Soul's jealouſy of her own,* Song viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

1 WHO is this fair one in diſtreſs,
That travels from the Wilderneſs?
And preſs'd with ſorrows and with ſins,
On her beloved Lord ſhe leans!

2 This is the ſpouſe of Chriſt our God,
Bought with the treaſures of his blood;
And her requeſt, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry ſaint.]

3 "O let my name engraven ſtand,
"Both on thy heart, and on thy hand,
"Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
"That pledge of love for ever there.

4 "Stronger than death thy love is known,
"Which floods of wrath could never drown;
"And hell and earth in vain combine,
"To quench a fire ſo much divine.

5 "But I'm jealous of my heart,
"Leſt it ſhould once from thee depart;
"Then let thy name be well impreſs'd,
"As a fair ſignet on my breaſt.

6 "Till thou haſt brought me to thy home,
"Where fears and doubts can never come,
"Thy count'nance let me often ſee,
"And often thou ſhalt hear from me.

7 "Come, my Beloved, haſte away,
"Cut ſhort the hours of thy delay;
"Fly like a youthful hart or roe
"Over the hills where ſpices grow."

LXXIX. *A morning hymn*, Pſalm xix. 5, 8, and lxxiii. 24, 25.

1 GOD of the morning at whoſe voice
The cheerful ſun makes haſte to riſe,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the ſkies.

2 From the fair chambers of the eaſt,
The circuit of his race begins,
And without wearineſs or reſt
Round the whole earth he flies and ſhines.

3 O like the ſun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind, and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

4 But I ſhall rove and loſe the race,
If God, my ſun, ſhall diſappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring ſtar.

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes:
Thy threatnings juſt, thy promiſe ſure,
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe.

6 Give me thy counſel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliſs;
All my deſires and hopes beſide,
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

LXXX. *An evening hymn*, Pſalm iv. 8, and iii. 5, 6, and cxliii. 8.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry evening ſhall make known
Some freſh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waſte,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies paſt,
He gives me ſtrength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to ſleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful ſtations round my bed.

4 In vain the ſons of earth and hell
Tell me a thouſand frightful things;
My God in ſafety makes me dwell
Beneath the ſhadow of his wings.

[5 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy preſence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindneſs of thy heart.

6 Thus, when the night of death ſhall come,
My fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouſe my tomb,
With ſweet ſalvation in the ſound.]

LXXXI. *A ſong for evening or morning,* Lam. iii. 23. Iſa. xlv. 7.

1 MY God, how endleſs is thy love;
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new;
And morning mercies from above.
Gently diſtil like early dew.

2 Thou ſpreadſt the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my ſleeping hours:
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all my drowſy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I conſecrate my days;
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand,
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

LXXXII. *God far above all creatures;* or, *Man vain and mortal,* Job iv. 17,—21.

1 SHALL the vile race of fleſh and blood,
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms preſume to be
More holy, wiſe, or juſt than he?

2 Behold he puts his truſt in none
Of all the ſpirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, juſt, nor wiſe.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who ſpring from duſt, and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and periſh like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thouſands in thy ſight:
Bury'd in duſt whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Pow'r! to thee we bow!
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the ſons of earth ſhall dare
With an eternal God compare.

LXXXIII. *Afflictions and death under Providence,* Job v. 6, 7.

1 NOT from the duſt affliction grows,
Nor troubles riſe by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes!
A ſad inheritance!

2 As ſparks break out from burning coals,
And ſtill are upwards borne;

So grief is rooted in our ſouls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cauſe,
And truſt his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and right'ouſneſs.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall ſpoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do more
Than what my Father pleaſe.

LXXXIV. *Salvation, righteouſneſs, and ſtrength in Chriſt*, Iſa. xlv. 21,—25.

1 JEHOVAH ſpeaks, let Iſr'el hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His ſov'reign honours and his names.

2 "I am the Laſt, and I the Firſt,
"The Saviour God, and God the juſt;
"There's none beſide pretends to ſhew
"Such juſtice and ſalvation too.

[3 "Ye that in ſhades and darkneſs dwell,
"Juſt on the verge of death and hell,
"Look up to me from diſtant lands,
"Light, life, and heav'n are in my hands.

4 "I by my holy name have ſworn,
"Nor ſhall the word in vain return,
"To me ſhall all things bend the knee,
"And ev'ry tongue ſhall ſwear to me.]

5 "In me alone ſhall men confeſs,
"Lies all their ſtrength and right'ouſneſs;

" But ſuch as dare deſpiſe my name.
" I'll clothe them with eternal ſhame.

6 " In me, the Lord, ſhall all the ſeed
" Of Iſr'el from their ſins be freed,
" And by their ſhining graces prove
" Their int'reſt in my pard'ning love."

LXXXV. *The ſame.*

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
" Mercy and juſtice are the names
" By which I will be known.

2 " Ye dying ſouls that ſit
" In darkneſs and diſtreſs
" Look from the borders of the pit
" To my recovering grace."

3 Sinners ſhall hear the ſound;
Their thankful tongues ſhall own,
" Our right'ouſneſs and ſtrength are found
" In thee the Lord alone.

4 In thee ſhall Iſr'el truſt,
And ſee their guilt forgiv'n;
God will pronounce the ſinners juſt,
And take the ſaints to heav'n.

LXXXVI. *God holy, juſt, and ſovereign,* Job ix. 2,—10.

1 HOW ſhould the ſons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in right'ouſneſs,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thouſand faults
Can bear a juſt defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wiſe;
What vain preſumers dare
Againſt their Maker's hand to riſe
Or 'tempt th' unequal war.

[4 Mountains, by his almighty wrath
From their old ſeats are torn;
He ſhakes the earth from ſouth to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the ſun forbear to riſe,
Th' obedient ſun forbears;
His hand with ſackcloth ſpreads the ſkies,
And ſeals up all the ſtars.

6 He walks upon the ſtormy ſea,
Flies on the ſtormy wind;
There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
Or his dark footſteps find.]

LXXXVII. *God dwells with the humble and penitent*, Iſa. lvii. 15, 16.

1 THUS ſaith the high and lofty One,
"I ſit upon my holy throne;
"My name is God, I dwell on high,
"Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I deſcend to worlds below,
"On earth I have a manſion too;
"The humble ſpirit and contrite
"Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble ſoul my words revive;
"I bid the mourning ſinners live:
"Heal all the broken hearts I find,
"And eaſe the ſorrows of the mind.

[4 "When I contend againſt their ſin,
"I make them know how vile they've been;
"But ſhould my wrath for ever ſmoke,
"Their ſouls would ſink beneath my ſtroke."

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Leſt we ſhould faint, deſpair, and die!
Thus ſhall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chaſt'ning love.

LXXXVIII. *Life the day of grace and hope,* Eccleſ. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 LIFE is the time to ſerve the Lord,
The time t' inſure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vileſt ſinner may return.

[2 Life is the hour that God hath given
To 'ſcape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the bleſſings of the day.]

3 The living know that they muſt die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their ſenſe is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

[4 Their hatred and their love is loſt,
Their envy bury'd in the duſt;
They have no ſhare in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the ſun.]

5 Then what my thoughts deſign to do,
My hands with all your might purſue;
Since no device, nor work, is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts pardon paſt
In the cold grave to which we haſte;
But darkneſs, death, and long deſpair,
Reign in eternal ſilence there.

LXXXIX. *Youth and judgment,* Eccleſ. ix. 9.

1 YE ſons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taſte the delights your ſouls deſire,
And give a looſe to all your fire;

2 Purſue the pleaſures you deſign,
And cheer your hearts with ſongs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth,—but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your ſecret faults.
The works of darkneſs you have done
Muſt all appear before the ſun.

4 The veng'ance to your follies due,
Should ſtrike your hearts with terror thro';
How will ye ſtand before his face,
Or anſwer for his injur'd grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From theſe alluring vanities!
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their ſouls to fear the Lord.

XC. *The ſame.*

1 LO! the young tribes of Adam riſe,
And thro' all nature rove,
Fulfil the wiſhes of their eyes,
And taſte the joys they love.

2 They give a looſe to wild deſires:
But let the ſinners know
The ſtrict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and ſeas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How ſhall I bear that dreadful day,
And ſtand the fiery teſt!
I'd give all mortal joys away,
To be for ever bleſt.

XCI. *Advice to youth;* or, *Old age and death in an unconverted ſtate,* Eccleſ. xii. 1, 7. Iſaiah lxv. 20.

1 NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God:
Behold the months come haſt'ning on,
When you ſhall ſay, "My joys are gone."

2 Behold, the aged ſinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes.
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endleſs curſes on his head.

3 The duſt returns to duſt again;
The ſoul in agonies of pain,
Aſcends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom and ſinks to hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And when my ſoul muſt hence remove,
Give me a manſion in thy love.

XCII. *Chriſt the wiſdom of God*, Prov. viii. 1, 22, 32.

1 SHALL Wiſdom cry aloud,
And not her ſpeech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deſerves it no regard?

2 "I was his chief delight,
"His everlaſting Son,
"Before the firſt of all his works
"Creation was begun:

[3 "Before the flying clouds,
"Before the ſolid land,
"Before the fields, before the floods,
"I dwelt at his right hand.

4 "When he adorn'd the ſkies,
"And built them, I was there,
"To order when the ſun ſhould riſe
"And marſhal ev'ry ſtar.

5 "When he pour'd out the ſea,
"And ſpread the flowing deep,
"I gave the flood a firm decree
"In its own bounds to keep.]

6 " Upon the empty air
" The earth was balanc'd well;
" With joy I ſaw the manſion where
" The ſons of men ſhould dwell.

7 " My buſy thoughts, at firſt
" On their ſalvation ran,
" Ere Sin was born, or Adam's duſt
" Was faſhion'd to a man.

8 " Then come, receive my grace,
" Ye children, and be wiſe;
" Happy the man that keeps my ways,
" The man that ſhuns them dies."

XCIII. *Chriſt or wiſdom, obeyed or reſiſted,* Prov. viii. 34,—36.

1 THUS ſaith the wiſdom of the Lord,
" Bleſt is the man that hears my word;
" Keeps daily watch before my gates,
" And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 " The ſoul that ſeeks me ſhall obtain
" Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;
" Immortal life is his reward,
" Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3 " But the vile wretch that flies from me,
" Does his own ſoul an injury;
" Fools that againſt my grace rebel,
" Seek death, and love the road to hell."

XCIV. *Juſtification by faith, not by works;* or, *The law condemns, grace juſtifies,* Rom. iii. 9. 20, 22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the ſons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile ſtop their mouths
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam ſtand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we aſk God's righteous law
To juſtify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jeſus, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we truſt!
Our faith receives a right'ouſneſs
That makes the ſinners juſt.

XCV. *Regeneration,* John i. 13, and iii. 3, &c.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raiſe a ſoul to heav'n.

2 The ſov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like ſome heav'nly wind,
Blows on the ſons of fleſh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afreſh.

4 Our quicken'd ſouls awake and riſe
From the long ſleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praiſe employs our breath.

XCVI. *Election excludes boaſting*, 1 Cor. i. 26, to 31.

1 BUT few among the carnal wiſe,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of Grace.

2 He takes the men of meaneſt name
For ſons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant ſhame
On honourable blood.

3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myſt'ries of his grace,
To bring aſpiring wiſdom low,
And all its pride abaſe.

4 Nature hath all its glories loſt,
When brought before his throne:
No fleſh ſhall in his preſence boaſt,
But in the Lord alone.

XCVII. *Chriſt our wiſdom, righteouſneſs*, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.

1 BURY'D in ſhadows of the night,
We lie till Chriſt reſtores the light:

Wiſdom deſcends to heal the blind,
And chaſe the darkneſs of the mind.

2 Our guilty ſouls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep diſtreſs,
And ſing, "The Lord our right'ouſneſs.

3 Our very frame is mix'd with ſin,
His ſpirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his ſuff'rings flow,
At once to cleanſe and pardon too.

4 Jeſus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his ſlaves in heavy chains;
He ſets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpleſs worms in thee poſſeſs
Grace, wiſdom, pow'r, and right'ouſneſs;
Thou art our mighty ALL and we
Give our whole ſelves, O Lord, to thee.

XCVIII. *The ſame.*

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Chriſt with his reviving light
Over our ſouls ariſe?

2 Our guilty ſpirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heav'n,
But in his right'ouſneſs array'd
We ſee our ſins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways
His hands infected nature cure
With ſanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our ſouls in vain;
He ſets the ſons of bondage free,
And breaks the curſed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy ſov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

XCIX. *Stones made the children of Abraham;* or, *grace not conveyed by religious parents,* Mat. iii. 9.

1 VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Deſcended from a pious race,
(Their fathers now with God.)

2 He from the caves of earth, and hell
Can take the hardeſt ſtones,
And fill the houſe of Abra'm well
With new-created ſons.

3 Such wond'rous pow'r doth he poſſeſs
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptineſs,
The world obey'd and came.

C. *Believe and be ſaved,* John iii. 16, 17, 18.

1 NOT to condemn the ſons of men
Did Chriſt the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are ſeen,
No flaming ſword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of men ſo well,

He ſent his Son to bear our load
Of ſins, and ſave our ſouls from hell.

3 Sinners believe the Saviour's word,
Truſt in his mighty name, and live;
A thouſand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thouſand bleſſings give.

4 But veng'ance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuſe the grace;
Who God's eternal Son deſpiſe
The hotteſt hell ſhall be their place.

CI. *Joy in heavn for a repenting ſinner,* Luke xv. 7,—10.

1 WHO can deſcribe the joys that riſe
Thro' all the courts of paradiſe,
To ſee a prodigal return
To ſee an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and ſees
The purchaſe of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy ſoul he form'd anew;
And ſaints and angels join to ſing
The growing empire of their King.

CII. *The beatitudes,* Matt. v. 3,—12.

[1 BLESS'D are the humble ſouls, that ſee
Their emptineſs and poverty;
Treaſures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]

[2 Bleſs'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for ſin with inward ſmart;
The blood of Chriſt divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]

[3 Bleſs'd are the meek, who ſtand afar
From rage and paſſion, noiſe and war;
God will ſecure their happy ſtate,
And plead their cauſe againſt the great.]

[4 Bleſs'd are the ſouls that thirſt for grace,
Hunger and long for right'ouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſuppl'd and fed
With living ſtreams, and living bread.]

[5 Bleſs'd are the men whoſe bowels move,
And melt with ſympathy and love;
From Chriſt the Lord ſhall they obtain
Like ſympathy and love again.]

[6 Bleſs'd are the pure whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of ſin;
With endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A God of ſpotleſs purity.]

[7 Bleſs'd are the men of peaceful life;
Who quench the coals of growing ſtrife;
They ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
The ſons of God, the God of peace.]

[8 Bleſs'd are the ſuffrers who partake
Of pain and ſhame for Jeſus' ſake;
Their ſouls ſhall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

CIII. *Not aſhamed of the goſpel,* 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe.

Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his croſs.

2 Jeſus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

3 Firm as his throne his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I have committed to his hands,
Till the deciſive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his Father's face;
And in the new Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

IV. *A ſtate of nature and of grace,* 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor ſland'rers, ſhall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surpriſing grace! and ſuch were we
By nature and by ſin,
Heirs of immortal miſery;
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are waſh'd in Jeſus blood;
We're pardon'd thro' his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Hath ſanctify'd our frame.

4 O for a perſevering pow'r
To keep thy juſt commands!

We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

CV. *Heaven invisible and holy,* 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

1 NOR eye hath ſeen, nor ear hath heard
Nor ſenſe nor reaſon known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For thoſe that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come:
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the ſky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can ſee or taſte the bliſs.

4 Thoſe holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, ſin, and ſhame;
None ſhall obtain admittance there
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain ſhall ſtrive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

CVI. *Dead to ſin by the croſs of Chriſt,* Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

1 SHALL we go on to ſin,
Becauſe thy grace abounds;
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be ſaid,
That he whoſe ſins are crucify'd
Should raiſe them from the dead.

3 We will be ſlaves no more,
Since Chriſt has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his croſs,
And bought our liberty.

CVII. *The fall and recovery of man;* or, *Chriſt and Satan at enmity*, Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

1 DECEIV'D by ſubtle ſnares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father fell;
When Satan in the ſerpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning; death began
To take poſſeſſion of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curſes ſmote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worſe reward;
Thus ſaith the veng'ance of the Lord,
"Let everlaſting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's ſeed and thee.

4 "The woman's ſeed ſhall be my Son;
"He ſhall deſtroy what thou haſt done;
"Shall break thy head, and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel."

5 He ſpake; and bid four thouſand years
Roll on: At length his Son appears;

Angels with joy deſcend to earth,
And ſing the young Reedeemer's birth.

6 Lo! by the Sons of hell he dies,
But as he hung 'twixt earth and ſkies,
He gave their Prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

CVIII. *Chriſt unſeen and unbeloved*, 1 Pet. i. 8.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the ſight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet Lord, our inmoſt thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taſte thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unſpeakable, like thoſe above,
And heav'n begins below.

CIX. *The value of Chriſt and his righteouſneſs*, Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

1 NO more, my God, I boaſt no more
Of all the duties I have done:
I quit the hopes I held before,
To truſt the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loſs;
My former pride I call my ſhame,
And nail my glory to his croſs.

3 Yes, and I muſt, and will eſteem
All things but loſs for Jeſus' ſake;
O may my ſoul be found in him,
And of his righteouſneſs partake.

4 The beſt obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can anſwer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

CX. *Death and immediate glory*, 2 Cor. v. 1,—8.

1 THERE is a houſe not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high,
And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands
Till God ſhall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this priſon of my clay
Muſt be diſſolv'd and fall;
"Then, O my ſoul! with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n
And, as an earneſt of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're abſent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather ſee;
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, with thee.

CXI. *Salvation by grace,* Tit. iii. 3,—7.

[1 LORD, we confeſs our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Fooliſh and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were ſin.]

2 But, O my ſoul! for ever praiſe,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, ſin, and ſhame.

[3 'Tis not by works of righteouſneſs
Which our hands have done;
But we are ſav'd by ſov'reign grace,
Abounding through his Son.]

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our ſouls are waſh'd from ſin.

5 'Tis thro' the purchaſe of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The ſpirit is ſent down to breathe
On ſuch dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;
And juſtify'd by grace,
We ſhall appear in glory too,
And ſee our Father's face.

CXII. *The brazen ſerpent;* or, *Looking to Jeſus.* John iii. 14, 15, 16.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raiſe
The brazen ſerpent high;

The wounded felt immediate eaſe,
The camp forbore to die.

2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
"And live," the prophet cries;
But Chriſt performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the croſs the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Here ſinners, by th' old ſerpent ſtung,
Look and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives:
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
The expiring Gentile lives.

CXIII. *Abraham's bleſſings on the Gentiles*, Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 HOW large the promiſe! how divine!
To Ab'ram and his ſeed;
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,"
"Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extenſive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Cov'nant proves,
And ſeals the bleſſing ſure.

3 Jeſus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the ſame;

Nor from the promiſe of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

CXIV. *The ſame*, Rom. xi. 16, 17.

1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the ſame bleſſings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the ſaints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And waſh them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their ſeed
Shall thy ſalvation come,
And num'rous houſes meet at laſt
In one eternal home.

CXV. *Conviction of ſin by the law*, Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

1 LORD, how ſecure my conſcience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my ſins were dead.

2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,
But ſince the precept came,
With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.

[My guilt appear'd but ſmall before,
Till terribly I ſaw
How perfect, holy, juſt, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my ſoul the heavy load,
My ſins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were ſlain.]

5 I'm like a helpleſs captive ſold
Under the pow'r of ſin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conſcience clean.

6 My God, I cry, with ev'ry breath
For ſome kind pow'r to ſave,
To break the yoke of ſin and death,
And thus redeem the ſlave.

CXVI. *Love to God and our neighbour,* Matt. xxii. 37,—40.

1 THUS ſaith the firſt, the great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
"To love thy Maker and thy God
"With utmoſt vigour and delight.

2 "Then ſhall thy neighbour, next in place,
"Share thine affection and eſteem;
"And let thy kindneſs to thyſelf
"Meaſure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the ſenſe that Moſes ſpoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

4 But oh, how baſe our paſſions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our ſouls with heav'nly fire,
Or we ſhall ne'er perform thy will.

CXVII. *Election ſov'reign and free*, Rom. ix 21,—24.

[1 BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his veſſels as he pleaſe:
Such is our God, and ſuch are we,
The ſubjects of his high decrees.

2 Doth not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the maſs, which part to chuſe,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to ſerve for viler uſe.]

3 May not the ſov'reign Lord on high
Diſpenſe his favours as he will,
Chuſe ſome to life, while others die,
And yet be juſt and gracious ſtill?

[4 What if to make his terror known
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
And ſeal their own deſtruction ſure?

5 What if he means to ſhow his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out ſome of mortal race,
And form them fit for heav'nly joys?]

6 Shall man reply againſt the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjuſt,
The thunder of whoſe dreadful word
Can cruſh a thouſand worlds to duſt?

7 But, O my ſoul! if truth ſo bright
Should dazzle and confound thy ſight,
Yet ſtill his written will obey,
And wait the great deciſive day.

8 Then ſhall he make his juſtice known,
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy, or terror, ſhall confeſs
The glory of his right'ouſneſs.

CXVIII. *Moſes and Chriſt;* or, *Sins againſt the law and goſpel,* John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. and x. 28, 29.

1 THE law by Moſes came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Chriſt (a nobler name)
Deſcending from above.

2 Amidſt the houſe of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moſes a faithful ſervant ſtood,
But Chriſt a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be ſtrict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's houſe he ſtands
The ſov'reign and the head.

4 The man that durſt deſpiſe
The law that Moſes brought,
Behold how terribly he dies
For his preſumpt'ous fault.

5 But ſorer veng'ance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jeſus calls,
And dare reſiſt his grace.

CXIX. *The different ſucceſs of the goſpel,* 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 CHRIST and his croſs is all our theme,
The myſt'ries that we ſpeak
Are ſcandal in the Jews eſteem,
And folly to the Greek:

2 But ſouls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word;
They ſee that wiſdom, pow'r, and love,
Shines in their dying Lord.

3 The vital ſavour of his name,
Reſtores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the ſame
To guilt, deſpair, and death.

4 Till God diffuſe his graces down,
Like ſhow'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos ſows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

CXX. *Faith of things unſeen,* Heb. 1, 3, 8, 10.

1 FAITH is the brighteſt evidence
Of things beyond our ſight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of fleſh and ſenſe,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It ſets time paſt in preſent view,
Brings diſtant proſpects home,
Of things a thouſand years ago,
Or thouſand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;

Abra'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

He ſought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith aſſures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building ſtands.

XXI. *Children devoted to God,* Gen xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

[*For thoſe who practiſe Infant-Baptiſm.*]

THUS ſaith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
"I'll bleſs thy num'rous race, and they
"Shall be a ſeed for me."

Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his ſon to God;
But water ſeals the bleſſing now
That once was ſeal'd with blood.

Thus Lydia ſanctify'd her houſe,
When ſhe receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His houſehold to the Lord.

Thus later ſaints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace:
To thee their infant offſpring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

XXII. *Belivers buried with Chriſt in baptiſm,* Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.

DO we not know that ſolemn word
That we are bury'd with the Lord;

Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our ſin?

2 Our ſouls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Chriſt ariſe,
And lives to God above the ſkies.

3 No more let ſin or Satan reign
Over our mortal fleſh again;
The various luſts we ſerv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

CXXIII. *The repenting prodigal*, Luke xv. 13, &c.

1 BEHOLD the wretch whoſe luſt and wine
Had waſted his eſtate;
He begs a ſhare among the ſwine,
To taſte the huſks they eat!

2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I ſtarve in foreign lands;
"My father's houſe has large ſupplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
"Fall down before his face:
"Father, I've done thy juſtice wrong,
"Nor can deſerve thy grace."

4 He ſaid, and haſten'd to his home,
To ſeek his father's love;
The father ſaw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiſs'd his ſon;

The rebel's heart with ſorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of ſhame and ſin,
(The Father gives command)
"Dreſs him in garments white and clean,
"With rings adorn his hand.

7 "A day of feaſting I ordain,
"Let mirth and joy abound:
"My ſon was dead, and lives again,
"Was loſt, and now is found."

CXXIV. *The firſt and ſecond Adam*, Rom. v. 12, &c.

1 DEEP in the duſt before thy throne,
Our guilt and our diſgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence ſprang our nature and our ſhame.

2 Adam, the ſinner, at his fall,
Death, like a conqu'ror, ſeiz'd us all;
A thouſand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilſt our ſpirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We ſing the honours of thy grace,
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd race.

4 We ſing thine everlaſting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam, the ſecond, from the duſt
Raiſes the ruins of the firſt.

5 By the rebellion of one man,
Through all his ſeed the miſchief ran;

And by one man's obedience now
Are all his ſeed made righteous too.

6 Where ſin did reign and death abound,
There have the ſons of Adam found
Abounding life: There glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our right'ouſneſs.

CXXV. *Chriſt's compaſſion to the weak and tempted*, Heb. iv. 16, 17, and v. 7. Matth. xii. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he has felt the ſame.

3 But ſpotleſs, innocent, and pure,
The Great Redeemer ſtood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble fleſh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

[5 He'll never quench the ſmoking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame?
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

6 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r,

We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

CXXVI. *Charity and uncharitableneſs*, Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

1 NOT diff'rent food nor diff'rent dreſs
Compoſe the kingdom of our Lord,
But peace, and joy, and right'ouſneſs,
Faith and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Chriſtians we deſpiſe,
We do the goſpel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wiſe,
Receives the feeble with the ſtrong.

3 Let pride and wrath be baniſh'd hence,
Meekneſs and love our ſouls purſue;
Nor ſhall our practice give offence
To ſaints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

CXXVII. *Chriſt's invitation to ſinners*; or, *Humility and pride*, Matt. xi. 28,—30.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary ſouls,
"Ye heavy laden ſinners come;
"I'll give you reſt from all your toils,
"And raiſe you to your heav'nly home.

2 "They ſhall find reſt that learn of me;
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
"But paſſion rages like the ſea,
"And pride is reſtleſs as the wind.

3 "Bleſs'd is the man whoſe ſhoulders take
"My yoke, and bears it with delight;

" My yoke is eaſy to his neck,
" My grace ſhall make his burden light."

4 Jeſus we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Reſign our ſpirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

CXXXVIII. *The Apoſtles' commiſſion;* or, *The goſpel atteſted by miracles*, Mark xvi. 15, *&c.* Matt. xxviii. 18, *&c.*

1 "GO preach my goſpel," ſaith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
" He ſhall be ſav'd that truſts my word,
" He ſhall be damn'd that won't believe.

[2 " I'll make your great commiſſion known,
" And ye ſhall prove my goſpel true,
" By all the works that I have done,
" By all the wonders ye ſhall do.

3 " Go heal the ſick, go raiſe the dead,
" Go caſt out devils in my name;
" Nor let my prophets be afraid,
" Though Greeks reproah, and Jews blaſpheme.]

4 " Teach all the nations my commands!
" I'm with you till the world ſhall end;
" All pow'r is truſted in my hands,
" I can deſtroy, and I defend."

5 He ſpake, and light ſhone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the fartheſt nations ſpread
The grace of their aſcended God.

CXXIX. *Submiſſion and deliverance;* or, *Abraham offering up his ſon,* Gen. xxii. 6, *&c.*

1 SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He ſhall reſtore what you reſign,
Or grant you bleſſings more divine.

2 So Abra'm with obedient hand,
Led forth his ſon at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful ſtroke;

3 "Abra'm forbear!" the angel cry'd,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;
"Thy ſon ſhall live, and in thy ſeed
"Shall the whole earth be bleſs'd indeed."

4 Juſt in the laſt diſtreſſing hour
The Lord diſplays deliv'ring pow'r;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we ſhall ſee ſurpriſing grace.

CXXX. *Love and hatred,* Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 20, *&c.*

1 NOW by the bowels of my God,
His ſharp diſtreſs, his ſore complaints,
By his laſt groans, his dying blood,
I charge my ſoul to love the ſaints.

2 Clamour, and wrath, and war be gone,
Envy and ſpite for ever ceaſe;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongſt the ſaints, the ſons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noiſe and ſtrife;

Why ſhould we vex and grieve his love,
Who ſeals our ſouls to heav'nly life!

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Thro' all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our num'rous faults
For the dear ſake of Chriſt his Son.

CXXXI. *The Phariſee and the Publican,* Luke xviii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD how ſinners diſagree,
The Publican and Phariſee;
One doth his right'ouſneſs proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and ſhame.

2 This man at humble diſtance ſtands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly riſes near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent anſwers he beſtows:
The humble ſoul with grace he crowns,
Whilſt on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boaſting Phariſee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the ſuff'rings of my Son.

CXXXII. *Holineſs and grace,* Tit. ii. 10,—13.

1 SO let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs;
So let our works and virtues ſhine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the pow'r of ſin.

3 Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride;
While juſtice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our ſpirits up,
While we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And Faith ſtands leaning on his word.

CXXXIII. *Love and charity*, 1 Cor. xiii. 2, 7, 13.

1 LET Phariſees of high eſteem
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love ſuffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haſte;
She lets the preſent inj'ry die,
And long forgets the paſt.

[3 Malice and rage, thoſe fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' ſhe endures the wrong.]

[4 She nor deſires nor ſeeks to know
The ſcandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on thoſe below,
Nor envy thoſe that climb.]

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To ſeek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There hope and faith are known no more,
But ſaints for ever love.

CXXXIV. *Religion vain without love*, 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews
And nobler ſpeech than angels uſe,
If love be abſent, I am found
Like tinkling braſs, an empty ſound.

2 Were I inſpir'd to preach, and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or, could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I diſtribute all my ſtore,
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God, and love to men
Be abſent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

CXXXV. *The love of Chriſt ſhed abroad in the heart*, Eph. iii. 16, &c.

1 COME, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breaſt!

Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeaſurable grace.

3 Now to the God whoſe pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting honours done
By all the church, thro' Chriſt his Son.

CXXXVI. *Sincerity and hypocriſy;* or, *formality in worſhip*, John iv. 24. Pſal. cxxxix. 23, 24.

1 GOD is a Spirit juſt and wiſe,
He ſees our inmoſt mind;
In vain to heav'n we raiſe our cries,
And leave our ſouls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the diſguiſe they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes ſalute the ſkies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the ſacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, ſearch my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my ſoul ſincere;
Then ſhall I ſtand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

CXXXVII. *Salvation by grace in Chriſt*, 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

1 NOW to the pow'r of God ſupreme
Be everlaſting honours giv'n,
He ſaves from hell, (we bleſs his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2 Not for our duties or deſerts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works ſalvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praiſe.

3 'Twas his own purpoſe that begun
To reſcue rebels doom'd to die:
He gave us grace in Chriſt his Son,
Before he ſpread the ſtarry ſky.

4 Jeſus the Lord appears at laſt,
And makes his Father's counſels known
Declares the great tranſactions paſt,
And brings immortal bleſſing down.

5 He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the pow'rs of hell deſtroy;
Riſing, he brought our heav'n to light,
And took poſſeſſion of the joy.

CXXXVIII. *Saints in the hands of Chriſt*, John x. 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the earth thy goſpel ſtands
My Lord, my hope, my truſt,
If I am found in Jeſus' hands,
My ſoul can ne'er be loſt.

2 His honour is engag'd to ſave
The meaneſt of his ſheep;

All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands ſecurely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell ſhall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breaſt;
In the dear boſom of his love
They muſt for ever reſt.

CXXXIX. *Hope in the covenant;* or, *God's promiſe and truth unchangeable,* Heb. vi. 17,—19.

1 HOW oft have Sin and Satan ſtrove
To rend my ſoul from thee, my God?
But everlaſting is thy love,
And Jeſus ſeals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promiſe of the Lord
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
Eternal Pow'r performs the word
And fills all heav'n with endleſs praiſe.

3 Amidſt temptations ſharp and long,
My ſoul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and ſtrong,
While tempeſts blow, and billows riſe.

4 The goſpel bears my ſpirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promiſes, and blood.

CXL. *A living and a dead faith.*—Collected.

1 MIſtaken ſouls! that dream of heav'n
And make their empty boaſt

Of inward joys, and ſins forgiv'n,
While they are ſlaves to luſt.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living faith unites
To Chriſt the living Head.

3 'Tis faith than changes all the heart:
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all ſinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celeſtial pow'r;
This is the grace that ſhall prevail
In the deciſive hour.

[5 Faith muſt obey her Father's will,
As well as truſt his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous ſtill
For his own holineſs.]

6 When from the curſe he ſets us free,
He makes our natures clean,
Nor would he ſend his Son to be
The miniſter of ſin.

[7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And ſeals our peace with God;
Jeſus, and his ſalvation came
By water and by blood.]

CXLI. *The humiliation and exaltation of Chri*

Iſaiah liii. 1,—5, 10, 11, 12.

WHO hath believ'd thy word,
Or thy ſalvation known?

Reveal thine arm, Almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews eſteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief;
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were
And his companion Grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with with ſcorn;
But 'Twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their ſorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the ſtubborn Jews
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of juſtice pleaſed to bruiſe
His beſt beloved Son.

5 "But I'll prolong his days,
"And makes his kingdom ſtand;
"My pleaſure (ſaith the God of grace)
"Shall proſper in his hand.

[6 "His joyful ſoul ſhall ſee
"The purchaſe of his pain,
"And by his knowledge juſtify
"The guilty ſons of men.]

[7 "Ten thouſand captive ſlaves,
"Releaſed from death and ſin,
"Shall quit their priſons and their graves,
"And own his pow'r divine.]

[8 "Heav'n ſhall advance my Son
"To joys that earth deny'd;
"Who ſaw the follies men had done
"And bore their ſins, and dy'd."]

CXLII. *The ſame,* Iſa. liii. 6,—12.

1 LIKE ſheep we went aſtray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his veng'ance pour
Upon the ſhepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Chriſt ſuſtain'd the ſtroke!
His life and blood the ſhepherd pays
A ranſom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God ſhall raiſe his head
O'er all the ſons of men,
And make him ſee a num'rous ſeed,
To recompenſe his pain.

6 "I'll give him, ſaith the Lord,
A portion with the ſtrong;
He ſhall poſſeſs a large reward,
And hold his honours long.

CXLIII. *Characters of the children of God,* from ſeveral ſcriptures.

1 SO new-born babes deſire the breaſt,
To feed and grow, and thrive;

So ſaints with joy the goſpel taſte,
And by the goſpel live.

[2 with inward guſt their heart approves
All that the world relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]

[3 Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
Can make them ſlaves to luſt;
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
Nor grovel in the duſt.]

[4 Not all the chains that tyrants uſe
Shall bind their ſouls to vice;
Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce
A thouſand victories.]

[5 Grace, like an uncorrupted ſeed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The ſons of God to ſin.]

[6 Not by the terrors of a ſlave
Do they perform his will,
But with the nobleſt pow'rs they have,
His ſweet commands fulfil.]

7 They find acceſs at ev'ry hour,
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys that never fail.

8 O happy ſouls! O glorious ſtate
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell ſo near their Father's ſeat,
And ſee his lovely face!

9 Lord, Lord, I addreſs thy heav'nly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10 There ſhed thy choiceſt loves abroad,
And make my comforts ſtrong;
Then ſhall I ſay, "My Father, God!"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

CXLIV. *The witneſſing and healing ſpirit*, Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

1 WHY ſhould the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter deſcend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace!

2 Doſt thou not dwell in all the ſaints,
And ſeal them heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou baniſh my complaints,
And ſhow my ſins forgiv'n?

3 Aſſure my conſcience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witneſs with my heart
That I'm born of God.

4 Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy ſoft wings, celeſtial Dove,
Will ſafe convey me home.

CXLV. *Chriſt and Aaron*, taken from Heb. vii. and ix.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thouſand glories more

Than the rich gems and poliſh'd gold
The ſons of Aaron wore.

2 They firſt their own burnt-off'rings brought
To purge themſelves from ſin;
Thy life was pure without a ſpot,
And all thy nature clean.

[3 Freſh blood as conſtant as the day,
Was on their altar ſpilt;
But thy own off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.]

[4 Their prieſthood ran thro' ſev'ral hands
For mortal was their race;
Thy never changing office ſtands
Eternal as thy days,]

[5 Once in the circuit of a year
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.]

6 But Chriſt by his own pow'rful blood,
Aſcends above the ſkies,
And in the preſence of our God
Shows his own ſacrifice.

7 Jeſus the King of Glory reigns
On Zion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been ſlain,
And wears his prieſthood ſtill.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my ſoul, thy cauſe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

CXLVI. *Characters of Chriſt*, borrow'd from inanimate things in ſcripture.

1 GO worſhip at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to expreſs
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

[2 The whole creation can afford
But ſome faint ſhadows of my Lord:
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Muſt mingle colours not her own.]

[3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord our ſouls would thus be fed:
That fleſh, that dying blood of thine
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.

[4 Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That right'ous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offſpring too.]

[5 Is he a roſe? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields
Or, if the lily he aſſume,
The vallies bleſs the rich perfume.]

[6 Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit!
O let a laſting union join
My ſoul to Chriſt the living vine!]

[7 Is he a head! Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The ſaints below, and ſaints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

8 Is he fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of ſin and death:
Theſe waters all my ſoul renew,
And cleanſe my ſpotted garments too.]

9 Is he a fire? He'll purge my droſs;
But the true gold ſuſtains no loſs:
Like a refiner ſhall he ſit,
And tread the refuſe with his feet.]

10 Is he a rock? how firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the ſweet ſtream that from him flow,
Attend us all the deſert through.]

11 Is he a way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood:
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]

12 Is he a door? I'll enter in;
Behold the paſture's large and green;
A paradiſe divinely fair,
None but the ſheep have freedom there.]

13 Is he deſign'd a corner-ſtone
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

14 Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majeſty and pow'r:
And ſtill to his moſt holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.]

15 Is he a ſtar? He breaks the night,
Piercing the ſhades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright the morning ſtar.]

[16 Is he a ſun? His beams are grace,
His courſe is joy and right'ouſneſs
Nations rejoice, when he appears
To chaſe their clouds and dry their tears]

17 O let me climb thoſe higher ſkies,
Where ſtorms and darkneſs never riſe!
There he diſplays his pow'rs abroad,
And ſhines and reigns the incarnate God.

18 Nor earth, nor ſeas, nor ſun, nor ſtars,
Nor heav'n his full reſemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

CLVII. *The names and titles of Chriſt*, from ſeveral ſcriptures.

1 'TIS from the treaſures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature, can ſupply
Sufficient forms of majeſty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminiſh'd rays,
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.

3 The King of kings, the Lord moſt high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh;
He wears a garment dipt in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb reſents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he aſſumes;
Life of the world, and Life of men;
Nor bears thoſe characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part!
A Friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne aſcends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And ſaints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

CXLVIII. *The ſame as the* cxlviii. Pſalm.

1 WITH cheerful voice I ſing
The titles of my Lord
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word;
Nature and art
Can ne'er ſupply
Sufficient forms
Of majeſty.

2 In Jeſus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays.
Th' eternal God's
Eternal Son,
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.

3 The ſov'reign "King of kings,
"The Lord of lords" moſt high,

Writes his own name upon
His garments and his thigh.
His name is call'd
" The Word of God;"
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4 Where promiſes and grace,
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb reſents
Th' injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay
As lions roar
And tear their prey.

5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he aſſumes!
" Light of the world,"
And " Life of men;"
Nor will he bear
Thoſe names in vain.

6 Immenſe compaſſion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,
When he deſcends to act
A Mediator's part.
He is a Friend,
And Brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

7 At length the Lord, the Judge,
His awful throne aſcends,

And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends;
Then ſhall the ſaints
Completely prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love.

CXLIX. *The offices of Chriſt*, from ſeveral ſcriptures.

JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Or ſet Immanuel's glory forth.

But O what condeſcending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace:
My eyes with joy and wonder ſee,
What forms of love he bears to me.

3 "Th' Angel of the Cov'nant" ſtands
With his commiſſion in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great ſalvation known.]

4 Great Prophet, let me bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]

5 My bright Example, and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy ſide;
O let me never run aſtray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!]

6 I love my Shepherd, he ſhall keep
My wand'ring ſoul amongſt his ſheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his boſom bears the lambs.]

[7 My Surety undertakes my cauſe,
Anſwering his Father's broken laws;
Behold my ſoul at freedom ſet,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt]

[8 Jeſus, my great High-Prieſt, has dy'd;
I ſeek no ſacrifice beſide;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

[9 My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth and hell can ſay,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

[10 My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King
Thy ſceptre and thy ſword I ſing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I ſit
A joyful ſubject at thy feet.]

[11 Aſpire my ſoul to glorious deeds,
The Captain of Salvation leads:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obſtruct the way.]

12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown
Put all their forms of miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe; for Chriſt diſplays
Salvation in more ſov'reign ways.

CL. *The ſame as* the cxlviii. Pſalm.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wiſdom, love and pow'r
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore,
All are too mean
To ſpeak his worth,

Too mean to ſet
My Saviour forth.

2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condeſcending ways,
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder ſee
What forms of love
He bears to me.

[3 Array'd in mortal fleſh,
He like an angel ſtands,
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hands:
Commiſſion'd from
His Father's throne
To make his grace
To mortals known.]

4 Great Prophet of my God
My tongue would bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came;
The joyful news
Of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd,
And peace with Heav'n.]

5 Be thou my Counſellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide;
And thro' this deſert land
Still keep me near thy ſide,
O let my feet
Ne'er run aſtray,

Nor rove, nor ſeek
The crooked way!]

[6 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes ſhall keep
My wand'ring ſoul among
The thouſands of his ſheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His boſom bears
The tender lambs.]

[7 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cauſe;
He anſwers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my ſoul
At freedom ſet
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.]

[8 Jeſus, my great High-Prieſt,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conſcience ſeeks
No ſacrifice beſide.
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the throne.]

[9 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
My Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell
Or ſin can ſay,

Shall turn his heart,
His love away.]

[10 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King
Thy ſceptre and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace I ſing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I ſit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.]

[11 Now let my ſoul ariſe,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conqueſt and a crown.
A feeble ſaint
Shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obſtruct the way.]

12 Should all the hoſts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their moſt dreadful forms
Of rage and miſchief on;
I ſhall be ſafe
For Chriſt diſplays
Superior pow'r
And guardian grace.

END OF BOOK FIRST.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

BOOK II.

I. *A Song in praiſe to God from Great Britain.*

1 NATURE with all her pow'rs ſhall ſing
God the Creator and the King;
Nor air nor earth, nor ſkies, nor ſeas,
Deny the tribute of their praiſe.

[2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye ſeraphs that ſit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and ſpread the ſound
To the creation's utmoſt bound.]

[3 All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force and own his name;
Whilſt with our ſouls, and with our voice,
We ſing his honours and our joys.]

[4 To him be ſacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave:
Our lips ſhall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.]

[5 This Northern iſle, our native land,
Lies ſafe in the Almighty's hand:
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.

6 He builds and guards the Britiſh throne,
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our ſucceſſive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]

7 Raiſe monumental praiſes high
To him that thunders thro' the ſky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aſpiring tyrant down.

[8 Pillars of laſting braſs proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal Name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]

9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftieſt thoughts and loudeſt ſongs,
Britain pronounce with warmeſt joy
Hoſannah from ten thouſand tongues.

10 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The ſtrongeſt notes that angels raiſe,
Faint in the worſhip and the praiſe.]

II. *The death of a ſinner.*

MY thoughts on awful ſubjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;

What horrors ſeize the guilty ſoul
Upon a dying bed!
Lingering about theſe mortal ſhores,
She makes a long delay,
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death ſweeps the wretch away.

3 Then ſwift and dreadful ſhe deſcends
Down to the fiery coaſt,
Amongſt abominable fiends,
Herſelf a frighted ghoſt.

4 There endleſs crowds of ſinners lie,
And darkneſs makes their chains,
Tortur'd with keen deſpair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguiſh and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compaſſion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my ſoul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well-inſur'd his love.

III. *The death and burial of a ſaint.*

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or ſhake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too
As faſt as time can move?
Nor ſhould we wiſh the hours more ſlow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of Jeſus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his ſaints he bleſs'd,
And ſoften'd ev'ry bed:
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with their dying head.

5 Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
And ſhow'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our fleſh ſhall fly,
At the great riſing day.

6 Then let the laſt loud trumpet ſound,
And bid our kindreds riſe;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye ſaints, aſcend the ſkies.

IV. *Salvation in the croſs.*

1 HERE, at thy croſs, my dying God,
I lay my ſoul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jeſus, nor ſhall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or ſay,
With rage and light'ning in their eyes,
Nor hell ſhall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions riſe.

3 Should worlds conſpire to drive me thence,
Moveleſs and firm this heart ſhould lie;
Reſolv'd (for that's my laſt defence)
If I muſt periſh, there to die.

4 But ſpeak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not ſafe beneath thy ſhade?

Thy veng'ance will not ſtrike me here,
Nor Satan dares my ſoul invade.

5 Yes, I'm ſecure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes ſhall loſe their aim:
Hoſannah to my dying God,
And my beſt honours to his name.

V. *Longing to praiſe Chriſt better.*

1 LORD, when my thoughts with wond'ring roll
O'er the ſharp ſorrows of thy ſoul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by thy croſs;

2 When I behold death, hell, and ſin,
Vanquiſh'd by that dear blood of thine,
And ſee the man that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's ſide;

3 My paſſions riſe and ſoar above,
I'm wing'd with faith and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel ſings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal ſtrains:
And in ſuch humble notes as theſe
Muſt fall below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute muſt appear,
When we ſhall leave theſe bodies here,
Theſe clogs of clay and mount on high,
To join the ſongs above the ſky.

VI. *A morning ſong.*

1 ONCE more, my ſoul, the riſing day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To HIM that rules the ſkies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the ſound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he ſits,
To turn the ſeaſons round.

3 'Tis he ſupports my mortal frame,
My tongue ſhall ſpeak his praiſe;
My ſins would rouſe his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withſtand,
Thy juſtice might have cruſh'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5 A thouſand wretched ſouls are fled
Since the laſt ſetting ſun,
And yet thou length'neſt out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilſt I enjoy the light;
Then ſhall my ſun in ſmiles decline,
And bring a pleaſant night.

VII. *An evening ſong.*

1 DREAD Sov'reign let my ev'ning ſong
Like holy incenſe riſe;
Aſſiſt the off'rings of my tongue;
To reach the lofty ſkies.

2 Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was ſtill my guard,
And ſtill to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy ſtood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual bleſſings from above
Encompaſs me around:
But, O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To ſave my wretched ſoul?
How are my follies multiply'd
Faſt as my minutes roll.

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear croſs I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afreſh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to reſt,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breaſt.

VIII. *A hymn for morning or evening.*

1 HOSANNAH, with a cheerful ſound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thouſand ſnares attend us round,
And yet ſecure we ſtand.

2 That was a moſt amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word,
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning reſts our weary'd head,
And angels guard the room;

We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The riſing morning can't aſſure
That we ſhall end the day;
For death ſtands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by ſin
To God's avenging law:
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry gaſp we draw.

6 God is our ſun, whoſe daily light
Our joy and ſafety brings;
Our feeble fleſh lies ſafe at night
Beneath his ſhady wings.

IX. *Godly ſorrow ariſing from the ſufferings of Chriſt.*

1 ALAS and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that ſacred head
For ſuch a worm as I?

[2 Thy body ſlain, ſweet Jeſus thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious ſuff'rer ſtood.]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in,

When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's ſin.

5 Thus might I hide my bluſhing face
While his dear croſs appears,
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

X. *Parting with carnal joys.*

1 MY ſoul forſakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewel,
Baſe as the dirt beneath my feet,
And miſchievous as hell.

2 No longer will I aſk your love,
Nor ſeek your friendſhip more;
The happineſs that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this ſpacious earth
That ſuits my large deſire;
To boundleſs joy and ſolid mirth
My nobler thoughts aſpire.

[4 Where pleaſure rolls its living flood,
From ſin and droſs refin'd,
Still ſpringing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the ſphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own All-ſufficience there,
To make our bliſs complete.]

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There ſits my Saviour, dreſt in love,
And there my ſmiling God.

XI. *The ſame.*

1 I Send the joys of earth away,
Away ye tempters of the mind,
Falſe as the ſmooth deceitful ſea,
And empty as the whiſtling wind.

2 Your ſtreams were floating me along
Down to the gulph of black deſpair;
And whilſt I liſten'd to your ſong,
Your ſtreams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchleſs grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyſs,
That drew me from thoſe treach'rous ſeas,
And bid me ſeek ſuperior bliſs.

4 Now to the ſhining realms above,
I ſtretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper ſkies!

5 There from the boſom of my God,
Oceans of endleſs pleaſures roll;
There would I fix my laſt abode,
And drown the ſorrows of my ſoul.

XII. *Chriſt is the ſubſtance of the Levitical prieſthood.*

1 THE true Meſſiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:

So fly the ſhadows and the ſtars
Before the riſing dawn.

2 No ſmoking ſweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock ſlain:
Incenſe and ſpice of coſtly names
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron muſt lay his robes away,
His mitre and his veſt,
When God himſelf comes down to be
The off'ring and the prieſt.

4 He took our mortal fleſh to ſhow
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their ſins,
"For I myſelf have dy'd;"
And then he ſhows his open veins,
And pleads his wounded ſide.

XIII. *The creation, preſervation, diſſolution, and reſtoration of this world.*

1 SING to the Lord that built the ſkies,
The Lord that rear'd this ſtately frame;
Let all the nations ſound his praiſe,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the ſeas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry duſt,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And puſh'd them into motion firſt.

3 Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the ſpheres;

He bids the ſhining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the haſty years.

4 Thus ſhall this moving engine laſt,
Till all his ſaints are gather'd in:
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blaſt,
To ſhake it all to duſt again.

5 Yet, when the ſound ſhall tear the ſkies,
And light'ning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

XIV. *The Lord's day;* or, *Delight in ordinances.*

Peckham

1 WELCOME, ſweet day of reſt,
That ſaw the Lord ariſe!
Welcome to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himſelf comes near;
And feaſts his ſaints to-day;
Here we may ſit and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray.

3 One day amidſt the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of pleaſurable ſin.

4 My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this,
And ſit and ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting bliſs.

XV. *The enjoyment of Chriſt;* or, *Delight in worſhip.*

Glouceſter

1 FAR from my thoughts vain world be gone,
Let my religious hours alone,
Fain would my eyes my Saviour ſee,
I wait a viſit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure deſire:
Come, my dear Jeſus, from above,
And feed my ſoul with heav'nly love.

[3 The trees of life immortal ſtand
In flouriſhing rows at thy right hand,
And in ſweet murmurs by their ſide,
Rivers of bliſs perpetual glide.

4 Haſte then, but with a ſmiling face,
And ſpread the table of thy grace,
Bring down a taſte of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with ſacred wine.]

5 Bleſs'd Jeſus, what delicious fare!
How ſweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taſte above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

6 Hail, great Immanuel! all divine,
In thee thy father's glories ſhine:
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, fair One,
That eyes have ſeen, or angels known.

Ohio a

XVI. *The ſecond part.*

1 LORD, what a heav'n of ſaving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,

And lights our paſſions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

8 When I can ſay my God is mine,
When I can ſee thy glories ſhine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

9 While ſuch a ſcene of ſacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and ſouls employs,
Here we could ſit and gaze away
A long and everlaſting day.

10 Well, we ſhall quickly paſs the night
To the fair coaſts of perfect light;
Then ſhall our joyful ſenſes rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

[11 There ſhall we drink full draughts of bliſs,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then, dear Lord, beſtow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

12 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we paſs through this barren land,
And in thy temple let us ſee
A glimpſe of love, a glimpſe of thee.]

XVII. *God's eternity.*

1 RISE, riſe, my ſoul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouſe up ev'ry tuneful ſound,
To praiſe th' eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty ſkies were ſpread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne:
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 His boundleſs years can ne'er decreaſe,
But ſtill maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And ever is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The preſent and the paſt,
He fills his own immortal NOW!
And ſees our ages waſte.

5 The ſea and ſky muſt periſh too,
And vaſt deſtruction come!
The creatures—look how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

6 Well, let the ſea ſhrink all away,
And flame melt down the ſkies,
My God ſhall live an endleſs day,
When th' old creation dies.

XVIII. *The miniſtry of angels.*

1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light,
The King of Glory ſpreads his ſeat,
And troops of angels, ſtretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 "Go," ſaith the Lord, "my Gabriel go,
"Salute the virgin's fruitful womb *;
"Make haſte, ye cherubs, down below,
"Sing and proclaim the Saviour come †."

3 Here a bright ſquadron leaves the ſkies,
And thick around Eliſha ſtands ‡:
Anon a heav'nly ſoldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands §.

* Luke i 26 † Luke ii. 13. ‡ 2 Kings vi. 17. § Acts xii. 7.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of hoſts!
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are ſailing to thy coaſts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy ſervants, Lord,
At thy command they go and come*;
With cheerful haſte obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

XIX. *Our frail bodies and God our preſerver.*

1 LET others boaſt how ſtrong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confeſs, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Freſh as the graſs our bodies ſtand,
And flouriſh bright and gay;
A blaſting wind ſweeps o'er the land,
And fades the graſs away.

3 Our life contains a thouſand ſprings,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a harp of thouſand ſtrings,
Should keep in tune ſo long.

4 But 'tis our God ſupports our frame,
The God that built us firſt;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name
That rear'd us from the duſt.

5 He ſpoke, and ſtraight our hearts and brains
In all their motions roſe;
"Let blood," ſaid he, "flow round the
"veins,"
And round the veins it flows.

* Heb. i. 14.

6 While we have breath to uſe our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breath no more.]

XX. *Backſlidings and returns;* or, *The inconſtancy of our love.*

1 WHY is my heart ſo far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day,
With thee, no more by night?

[2 Why ſhould my fooliſh paſſions rove?
Where can ſuch ſweetneſs be,
As I have taſted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]

3 When my forgetful ſoul renews
The ſavour of thy grace,
My heart preſumes I cannot loſe
The reliſh all my days.

4 But e'er one fleeting hour is paſt,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some ſenſual bait to ſeize my taſte,
And to pollute my joys.

[5 Trifles of nature, or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtleſs heart,
And thruſt me from thy arms.]

6 Then I repent and vex my ſoul,
That I ſhould leave thee ſo;
Where will thoſe wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go?

[7 Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I'm drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief:

8 Seizing my ſoul with ſweet ſurpriſe,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compaſſion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

[9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chaſe of falſe delight?
Let me be faſten'd to thy croſs
Rather than loſe thy ſight.]

10 Make haſte, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to reſt,
On the dear centre of my ſoul,
My God, my Saviour's breaſt.

XXI. *Song of praiſe to God the Redeemer.*

1 LET the old heathens tune their ſong
Of great Diana and of Jove,
But the ſweet theme that moves my tongue,
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold, a God deſcends and dies,
To ſave my ſoul from gaping hell!
How the black gulph where Satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3 How Juſtice frown'd and Veng'ance ſtood
To drive me down to endleſs pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite Lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endleſs honours giv'n;

Thy wond'rous name ſhall be ador'd,
Round the wide earth, and wider heav'n.

XXII. *With God is terrible Majeſty.*

1 TERRIBLE God, that reign'ſt on high;
How awful is thy thund'ring hand:
Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withſtand.

2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown;
Thine arrows ſtruck the traitor thro',
And weighty veng'ance ſunk him down.

3 This Sodom felt, and feels it ſtill,
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
"With endleſs burnings who can dwell!
"Or bear the fury of a God!"

4 Tremble, ye ſinners, and ſubmit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his ſtrong hand ſhall cruſh you down.

5 And ye, bleſs'd ſaints, that love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heav'nly ſervants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

XXIII. *The ſight of God and Chriſt in heaven.*

1 DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferior things.

2 Beyond, beyond this lower ſky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where ſolid pleaſures never die,
And fruits immortal feaſt the ſoul.

3 O for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There ſits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall,
The God ſhines gracious thro' the man;
And ſheds ſweet glories on them all!

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they ſing,
And ſit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And ſpread the triumphs of their King!

6 When ſhall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand and bow amongſt 'em there,
And view thy face, and ſing thy love!

XXIV. *The evil of ſin viſible in the fall of angels and men.*

1 WHEN the great Builder arch'd the ſkies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praiſe,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2 High in the midſt of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel ſat,
Amongſt the morning ſtars he ſung*,
Till ſin deſtroy'd his heav'nly ſtate.

* Job xxxviii. 7.

3 ['Twas ſin that hurl'd him from his throne
Grov'lling in fire the rebel lies;
"How art thou ſunk in darkneſs down,
"Son of the Morning from the ſkies*?"

4 And thus our two firſt parents ſtood,
Till ſin defil'd the happy place;
They loſt their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

[5 So ſprang the plague from Adam's bow'r
And ſpread deſtruction all abroad;
Sin, the curs'd name! that in one hour
Spoil'd ſix day's labour of a God.]

6 Tremble, my ſoul, and mourn for grief,
That ſuch a foe ſhould ſeize thy breaſt
Fly to the Lord for quick relief;
Oh! may he ſlay this treach'rous gueſt.

7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our ſhouts ſhall ri
Thine everlaſting arms we ſing,
For ſin, the monſter, bleeds and dies.

XXV. *Complaining of ſpiritual ſloth.*

1 MY drowſy pow'rs, why ſleep ye ſo
Awake, my ſluggiſh ſoul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half ſo dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and ſtrive;
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live?

* Iſa. xiv. 12.

3 We, for whoſe ſake all nature ſtands,
And ſtars their courſes move;
We, for whoſe guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good;
How careleſs to ſecure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, ſhall we lie ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our parts!
Come, holy dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And ſit and warm our hearts.

6 Then ſhall our active ſpirits move,
Upward our ſouls ſhall riſe;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

XXVI. *God inviſible.*

1 LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
O 'tis beyond a creature's mind,
To glance a thought half way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the ſky
The Great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor ſouls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topleſs throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his ſeat
Of gems inſufferably bright,
And lays beneath his ſacred feet
Subſtantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look thro' and cheer us from above;

Beyond our praiſe thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

XXVII. *Praiſe ye him all his angels*, Pſalm cxlviiii. 2.

1 GOD! the eternal awful name,
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
That ſhakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears:

2 Like flames of fire his ſervants are,
And light ſurrounds his dwelling-place;
But O, ye fiery flames! declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'Tis not for ſuch poor worms as we
To ſpeak ſo infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes ſurvey
The beauties of your Sov'reign King:

4 Tell how he ſhows his ſmiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array;
Triumph and joy run thro' the place,
And ſongs eternal as the day.

5 Speak (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it ſpreads thro' all your frame;
That ſacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have loſt the name.

[6 Sing of his pow'r and juſtice too,
That infinite right hand of his,
That vanquiſh'd Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliſs.]

[7 What mighty ſtorms of poiſon'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!

What deadly javelins nail'd their hearts
Faſt to the racks of long deſpair?]

[8 Shout to your King, ye heav'nly hoſt,
You that beheld the ſinking foe;
Firmly you ſtood, when they were loſt;
Praiſe the rich grace that kept you ſo.]

9 Proclaim his wonders from the ſkies,
Let ev'ry diſtant nation hear;
And while you ſound his lofty praiſe,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

XXVIII. *Death and eternity.*

1 STOOP down my thoughts that us'd to riſe,
Converſe a while with Death;
Think how a gaſping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lips hang feebly down,
His pulſes faint and few;
Then ſpeechleſs, with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu!

3 But, oh! the ſoul that never dies,
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, purſue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell
It mounts triumphant there,
Or devils plunge it down to hell
In infinite deſpair.

5 And muſt my body faint and die!
And muſt this ſoul remove?
Oh for ſome guardian angel nigh,
To bear it ſafe above!

6 Jeſus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked ſoul I truſt,
And my fleſh waits for thy command
To drop into my duſt.

XXIX. *Redemption by price and power.*

1 JESUS, with all thy ſaints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would ſound aloud thy ſaving love,
And ſing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bleſs'd be the Lamb, my deareſt Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming ſword
In his own vital flood.

3 The Lamb that freed my captive ſoul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And ſent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceaſing praiſe,
While angels live to know his name,
Or ſaints to feel his grace.

XXX. *Heavenly joy on earth.*

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround the throne.

2 The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from this place!
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.]

3 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And manages the ſeas:

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father, and our love:
He ſhall ſend down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6 There ſhall we ſee his face,
And never, never ſin:
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

7 Yes, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate,
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.

[8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

10 Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.]

XXXI. *Chriſt's preſence makes death eaſy.*

1 WHY ſhould we ſtart and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endleſs joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying ſtrife,
Fright our approaching ſouls away;
Still we ſhrink back again to life,
Fond of our priſon and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My ſoul ſhould ſtretch her wings in haſte,
Fly fearleſs thro' Death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as ſhe paſs'd.

4 Jeſus can make a dying bed
Feel ſoft as downy pillows are,
While on his breaſt I lean my head,
And breathe my life out ſweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and folly.*

1 HOW ſhort and haſty is our life!
How vaſt our ſouls' affairs!
Yet ſenſeleſs mortals vainly ſtrive
To laviſh out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtleſsly along,
Without a moment's ſtay:
Juſt like a ſtory or a ſong,
We paſs our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedleſs on,
And ever haſt'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 How we deſerve the deepeſt hell,
That ſlight the joys above!
What chains of veng'ance ſhould we feel,
That break ſuch cords of love?

5 Draw us, O God, with ſov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And ſee ſalvation nigh.

XXXIII. *The bleſſed ſociety in heaven.*

1 RAISE thee, my ſoul, fly up, and run
Through ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet,
And ſay there's nought below the ſun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 Thus will we mount on ſacred wings,
And tread the courts above,
Nor earth, nor all her mightieſt things,
Shall tempt our meaneſt love.

3 There on a high majeſtic throne
Th' almighty Father reigns,
And ſheds his glorious goodneſs down
On all the bliſsful plains.

4 Bright, like a ſun, the Saviour ſits,
And ſpreads eternal noon;
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidſt theſe ever ſhining ſkies
Behold the ſacred Dove,
While baniſh'd ſin and ſorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne:

And ſaints and ſeraphs ſing and praiſe
The infinite Three-One.

[7 But oh, what beams of heav'nly grace
Tranſport them all the while!
Ten thouſand ſmiles from Jeſus' face,
And love in ev'ry ſmile?]

8 Jeſus, O when ſhall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I ſhall leave this houſe of clay,
To dwell amongſt them there?

XXXIV. *Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or Fervency of devotion deſired.*

1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love,
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe trifling toys:
Our ſouls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe:
Hoſannah's languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and ſhall we ever lie
At his poor dying rate!
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great!

5 Come holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove.
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,

Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

XXXV. *Praiſe to God for creation and redemption.*

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud ſongs ſhall ſtill record
The wonders of thy praiſe.

2 We raiſe our ſhouts, O God, to thee,
And ſend them to thy throne;
All glory to th' UNITED THREE,
The undivided ONE.

3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis he reſtores our ruin'd frame;
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hoſanna! let the earth and ſkies
Repeat the joyful ſound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

XXXVI. *Chriſt's interceſſion.*

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone,
T'appear before our God,
To ſprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery veng'ance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If Juſtice calls for ſinners' blood,
The Saviour ſhows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble ſuit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and ſmiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour ſing,
Jeſus, the Prieſt, receives our ſongs,
And bears them to the King.

[5 We bow before his face,
And ſound his glories high,
" Hoſanna to the God of grace,
" That lays his thunder by!

6 " On earth thy mercy reigns,
" And triumphs all above;"
But, Lord, how weak are mortal ſtrains
To ſpeak immortal love!

[7 How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we ſing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our ſongs anew,
And they ſhall pleaſe the King.]

XXXVII. *The ſame.*

1 LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly ſeats
Where your Redeemer ſtays;
Kind Interceſſor, there he ſits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well, my ſoul, he dy'd for thee,
And ſhed his vital blood,
Appeas'd ſtern Juſtice on the tree,
And then aroſe to God.

3 Petitions now and praiſe may riſe,
And ſaints their off'rings bring,

The Prieſt, with his own ſacrifice,
Preſents them to the King.

4 Let Papiſts truſt what name they pleaſe,
Their ſaints and and angels boaſt;
We've no ſuch advocates as theſe,
Nor pray to the heav'nly hoſt.

5 Jeſus alone ſhall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne:
He, deareſt Lord, perfumes my ſighs,
And ſweetens ev'ry groan.]

6 Ten thouſand praiſes to the King,
"Hoſanna in the higheſt,"
Ten thouſand thanks our ſpirits bring
To God and to his Chriſt.]

XXXVIII. *Love to God.*

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inſpires the breaſt;
Love is the brighteſt of the train,
And ſtrengthens all the reſt.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our ſtubborn ſins will fight and reign
If love be abſent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In ſwift obedience move:
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love:

4 This is the grace that lives and ſings,
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe,
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings
In the ſweet realms of bliſs.

5 Before we quite forſake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To ſee our ſmiling God.

XXXIX *The ſhortneſs and miſery of life.*

1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are ſhort and wretched too;
Evil and few *, the patriarch ſays,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at beſt a narrow bound
That heav'n allows to men,
And pains and ſins run through the round
Of threeſcore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye muſt be ſad and few,
Run on my days in haſte;
Moments of ſin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too faſt.

4 Let heav'nly love prepare my ſoul,
And call her to the ſkies,
Where years of long ſalvation roll,
And glory never dies.

XL. *Our comfort in the covenant made with Chriſt.*

1 OUR God, how firm his promiſe ſtands,
Ev'n when he hides his face!
He truſts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

* Gen. xlvii. 9.

2 Then why, my ſoul, theſe ſad complaints,
Since Chriſt and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his ſaints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his ſmiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n poſſeſs'd;
I praiſe his name for grace receiv'd,
And truſt him for the reſt.

XLI. *A ſight of God mortifies us to the world.*

[1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But ſin hangs heavy on my ſoul.

2 Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying Chriſt,
Can make this world of guilt remove:
And thou canſt bear me where thou fly'ſt,
On thy kind wings, celeſtial Dove!

3 O may I once mount up and ſee
The glories of th' eternal ſkies.
What little things theſe worlds would be!
How deſpicable to my eyes]

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vaniſh ſoon,
Vaniſh as tho' I ſaw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I ſhould perceive the noiſe no more,
Than we can hear a ſhaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,

And all my pow'rs ſhall bow and ſing
Thine endleſs grandeur, and thy grace.

XLII. *Delight in God.*

1 MY God, what endleſs pleaſures dwell
Above at thy right hand!
Thy courts below how amiable!
Where all thy graces ſtand.

2 The ſwallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note:
The lark mounts upwards to the ſkies,
And tunes her warbling throat.

3 And we, when in thy preſence, Lord,
We ſhout with joyful tongues:
Or, ſitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feaſt with ſongs.

4 While Jeſus ſhines with quick'ning grace,
We ſing and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

[5 Juſt as we ſee the loneſome dove
Bemoan her widow'd ſtate,
Wand'ring ſhe flies thro' all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.

6 Juſt ſo our thoughts from thing to thing
In reſtleſs circles rove;
Juſt ſo we droop and hang the wing,
When Jeſus hides his love.]

XLIII. *Chriſt's ſufferings and glory.*

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praiſe,
To great Jehovah's equal Son!

Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he has done:
2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How ſwift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlaſting love.

[3 Down to this baſe, this ſinful earth,
He came to raiſe our nature high;
He came t' atone Almighty wrath;
Jeſus the God was born to die.]

4 Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monſters ſpilt:
While weighty ſorrows preſs'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.

5 Deep in the ſhades of gloomy death
Th' Almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
And roſe to everlaſting day.

6 Lift up your eyes, ye ſons of light!
Up to his throne of ſhining grace;
See what immortal glories ſit
Round the ſweet beauties of his face!

7 Amongſt a thouſand harps and ſongs,
Jeſus the God exalted reigns,
His ſacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

XLIV. *Hell;* or, *the vengeance of God.*

1 WITH holy fear and humble ſong,
The dreadful God our ſouls adore;
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
That ſpeaks the terrors of his pow'r.

2 Far in the deep where darkneſs dwell,
The land of horror and deſpair,
Juſtice hath built a diſmal hell,
And laid her ſtores of veng'ance there.

3 Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts t'inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned ſouls.

4 There Satan, the firſt ſinner, lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebels ſtrives to riſe,
Cruſh'd with the weight of both thy hands.

5 There guilty ghoſts of Adam's race
Shriek out and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could ſcorn a Saviour's grace;
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

6 Tremble, my ſoul, and kiſs the Son,
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Elſe your damnation haſtens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

XLV. *God's condeſcenſion to our worſhip.*

1 THY favours, Lord, ſurpriſe our ſouls:
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What can thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus.

2 Still might he fill his ſtarry throne,
And pleaſe his ears with Gabriel's ſongs;
But th' heav'nly majeſty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love ſo infinite as thine!

Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compaſſion's all divine.

XLVI. *God's condeſcenſion to human affairs.*

1 UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlaſting praiſes fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

[2 He that can ſhake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod;
His goodneſs, how amazing great!
And what a condeſcending God.]

3 God, that muſt ſtoop to view the ſkies,
And bow to ſee what angels do,
Down to our earth he caſts his eyes,
And bends his footſteps downwards too.

4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble ſouls the King of kings
Beſtows his counſels and his cares.

5 Our ſorrows and our tears we pour
Into the boſom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour—
Helps us to bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condeſcenſion to perform;
For worms were never rais'd ſo high
Above their meaneſt fellow worm.

7 Oh! could our thankful hearts deviſe
A tribute equal to thy grace,

To the third heav'n our ſongs ſhould riſe,
And teach the golden harps thy praiſe.

XLVII. *Glory and grace in the perſon of Chriſt.*

1 NOW to the Lord a noble ſong!
Awake, my ſoul, awake my tongue;
Hoſannah to th' eternal name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim!

2 See where it ſhines in Jeſus' face,
The brighteſt image of his grace;
God, in the perſon of his Son,
Hath all his mightieſt works outdone.

3 The ſpacious earth and ſpreading flood
Proclaim the wiſe and pow'rful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling ſtar.

4 But in his looks a glory ſtands
The nobleſt labour of thine hands;
The pleaſing luſtre of his eyes
Outſhines the wonders of the ſkies.

5 Grace! 'Tis a ſweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jeſu's name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the ſound,
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.

6 Oh! may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And ſing his name to harps of gold!

XLVIII. *Love to the creatures is dangerous.*

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure hath its poiſon too,
And ev'ry ſweet a ſnare.

2 The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh
Where we poſſeſs delight.

3 Our deareſt joys and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondneſs of a creature's love
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

XLIX. *Moſes dying in the embraces of God.*

1 DEATH cannot make our ſouls afraid
If God be with us there;
We may walk thro' the darkeſt ſhade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moſes did.

3 Might I but climb to Piſgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My fleſh itſelf ſhould long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Claſp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And loſe my life among the charms
Of ſo divine a death.

L. *Comforts under ſorrows and pains.*

1 NOW let the Lord my Saviour ſmile,
And ſhow my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains a while,
And in the pleaſure loſe the ſmart.

2 But oh! it ſwells my ſorrows high
To ſee my bleſſed Jeſus frown,
My ſpirits ſink, my comforts die,
And all the ſprings of life are down.

3 Yet why, my ſoul, why theſe complaints?
Still while he frowns his bowels move:
Still on his heart he bears his ſaints,
And feels their ſorrows, and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breaſt,
His book of life contains my name;
I'd rather have it there impreſs'd,
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the laſt fire burns all things here,
Thoſe letters ſhall ſecurely ſtand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now ſhall my minutes ſmoothly run,
Whilſt here I wait my Father's will;

My riſing and my ſetting ſun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

LI. *God the Son equal with the Father.*

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our ſpirits bow before thy ſeat;
To thee we lift our humble thoughts,
And worſhip at thine awful feet.

[2 Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wiſdom ſways
All nature with a ſov'reign word;
And the bright world of ſtars obeys
The will of their ſuperior Lord.]

[3 Mercy and Truth unite in one,
And ſmiling ſit at thy right hand:
Eternal Juſtice guards thy throne,
And veng'ance waits thy dread command.]

4 A thouſand ſeraphs, ſtrong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, amongſt the ſons of light,
Pretends compariſon with thee?

5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jeſus, array'd in fleſh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 Their glory ſhines with equal beams;
Their eſſence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the name of Chriſt our King
With equal honours be ador'd;

His praiſe let ev'ry angel ſing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

LII. *Death dreadful, or delightful.*

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To thoſe that have no God,
When the poor ſoul is forc'd away
To ſeek her laſt abode.

2 In vain to heav'n ſhe lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the ſkies,
To darkneſs, fire, and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let ſtubborn ſinners fear:
You muſt be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long *for ever* there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flaſhes in your face!
And thou, my ſoul, look downward too,
And ſing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of ſov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to ſoar above,
Where happy ſpirits be.

Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and ſome celeſtial band,
To bear my ſoul away.

LIII. *The pilgrimage of the Saints;* or, *Earth and heaven.*

1 LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no ſupply,
No cheering fruits, no wholeſome trees,
Nor ſtreams of living joy?

2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poiſons grow,
And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord, we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

[4 Our ſouls ſhall tread the deſert through,
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal ſubdue
The terrors that we meet.]

[5 A thouſand ſavage beaſts of prey
Around the foreſt roam;
But Judah's lion guards the way,
And guides the ſtrangers home.]

[6 Long nights and darkneſs dwell below,
With ſcarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlaſting day.]

[7 By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the ſacred road,
Thro' diſmal deeps, and dang'rous ſnares
We make our way to God.]

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward ſtill;
Forget the troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

[9 See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come;
There Jeſus the forerunner waits,
To welcome trav'llers home.]

10 There on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary ſouls ſhall ſit,
And with tranſporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

[11 No vain diſcourſe ſhall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace ſhall fill our ſong,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12 Eternal glories to the King
That brought us ſafely through;
Our tongues ſhall never ceaſe to ſing
And endleſs praiſe renew.

LIV. *God's preſence is light in darkneſs.*

1 MY God, the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkeſt ſhades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my ſoul's ſweet morning-ſtar,
And he my riſing ſun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,

While Jeſus ſhows his heart is mine,
And whiſpers *I am his.*

4 My ſoul would leave this heavy clay
At that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way,
T' embrace my deareſt Lord.

5 Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

LV. *Frail life, and ſucceeding eternity.*

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

[2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell,
Leaves but the number leſs]

3 The year rolls on and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'lling to the grave.]

4 Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground,
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

6 Infinite joy, or endleſs woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

LVI. *The miſery of being without God in this world;* or, *Vain proſperity.*

1 NO, I ſhall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increaſe their golden ſtore,
And riſe to wond'rous height.

2 They taſte of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod:
Well they may ſearch the creature thro'
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes haſt'ning on to you
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you muſt bow your ſtately head
Away your ſpirit flies:
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the ſkies.

5 Go now and boaſt of all your ſtores,
And tell how bright they ſhine;
Your heaps of glitt'ring duſt are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

LVII. *The pleaſures of a good conſcience.*

1 LORD, how ſecure and bleſs'd are they
Who feel the joy of pardon'd ſin!
Should ſtorms of wrath ſhake earth and ſea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2 The day glides ſweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And ſoft and ſilent as the ſhades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

[3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half ſo ſwift away;
Their ſouls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as ſummer ev'nings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleaſures grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful ſmiles
Sit undiſturb'd upon their brow.]

5 They ſcorn to ſeek our golden toys,
But ſpend the day and ſhare the night,
In numb'ring o'er their richer joys
That Heav'n prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the duſt below:
Almighty Grace renew our ſouls,
And we'll aſpire to glory too!

LVIII. *The ſhortneſs of life, and the goodneſs of God.*

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how ſwift they are!

Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a ſhooting ſtar.

[2 The preſent moments juſt appear,
Then ſlide away in haſte,
That we can never ſay, "They're here,"
But only ſay, "They're paſt."]

[3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]

4 Yet mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy laſting favours ſhare,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou loadeſt the rolling year.

5 'Tis ſov'reign Mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love:
Whilſt Grace ſtands pointing out the road
That leads our ſouls above.

6 His goodneſs runs an endleſs round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!

7 Thus we begin the laſting ſong,
And when we cloſe our eyes,
Let the next age thy praiſe prolong
Till time and nature dies.

LIX. *Paradiſe on earth.*

1 GLORY to God that walks the ſky,
And ſends his bleſſings through,
That tells his ſaints of joys on high,
And gives a taſte below.

[2 Glory to God that ſtoops his throne,
That duſt and worms may ſee't,
And brings a glimpſe of glory down
Around his ſacred feet,

3 When Chriſt with all his glories crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4 A blooming paradiſe of joy
In this wild deſert ſprings,
And ev'ry ſenſe I ſtraight employ
On ſweet celeſtial things.

5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory ſhows;
The roſe of Sharon bloſſoms here,
The faireſt flow'r that blows.

[6 Cheerful I feaſt on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleaſures down.
Pleaſures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]

7 But, ah! how ſoon my joys decay,
How ſoon my ſins ariſe,
And ſnatch the heav'nly ſcene away
From theſe lamenting eyes!

8 When ſhall the time, dear Jeſus, when
The ſhining day appear,
That I ſhall leave theſe clouds of ſin
And guilt and darkneſs here?

9 Up to the fields above the ſkies
My haſty feet would go,

There everlaſting flow'rs ariſe,
And joys unwith'ring grow.

LX. *The truth of God the promiſer;* or, *The promiſes are our ſecurity.*

1 PRAISE, everlaſting praiſe, be paid,
To him that earth's foundation laid,
Praiſe to the God whoſe ſtrong decrees
Sway the creation as he pleaſe.

2 Praiſe to the goodneſs of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there, as ſtrong as his decrees,
He ſets his kindeſt promiſes.

[3 Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who ſpoke, and ſpread the ſkies abroad.

4 Each of them pow'rful as that ſound
That bid the new-made world go round;
And ſtronger than the ſolid poles,
On which the wheel of Nature rolls.]

5 Whence then ſhould doubts and fears ariſe?
Why trickling ſorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6 Oh! for a ſtrong, and laſting faith!
To credit what the Almighty ſaith!
T' embrace the meſſage of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

7 Then ſhould the earth's old pillars ſhake,
And all the wheels of nature break;

Our ſteady ſouls ſhall fear no more,
Than ſolid rocks when billows roar.

8 Our everlaſting hopes ariſe
Above the ruinable ſkies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power ſuſtains.

LXI. *A thought of death and glory.*

1 MY ſoul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

[2 And you mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy priſon waits for you,
Whene'er the ſummons come.]

3 Oh! could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their ſtead:
Then would our ſpirits learn to fly
And converſe with the dead:

4 Then ſhould we ſee the ſaints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our ſouls ſhould love
To dwell with mortal worms:

[5 How we ſhould ſcorn theſe clothes of fleſh,
Theſe fetters, and this load;
And long for evening to undreſs,
That we may reſt with God.]

6 We ſhould almoſt forſake our day
Before the ſummons come,
And pray, and wish our ſouls away
To their eternal home.

LXII. *God the Thunderer;* or, *The laſt judgment and hell* *.

1 SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hoſts,
And thou, O earth, adore;
Let death and hell thro' all their coaſts
Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2 His ſounding chariot ſhakes the ſky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his ſtores of light'ning lie,
Till veng'ance darts them down.

3 His noſtrils breathe out fiery ſtreams,
And from his awful tongue
A ſov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunders roar along.

4 Think, O my ſoul, the dreadful day,
When this incenſed God
Shall rend the heav'n and burn the ſea,
And fling his wrath abroad!

5 What ſhall the wretch the ſinner do!
He once defy'd the Lord:
But he ſhall dread the Thund'rer now,
And ſink beneath his word.

6 Tempeſts of angry fire ſhall roll,
To blaſt the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked ſoul
In one eternal ſtorm.

* Made in a great ſtorm of thunder, Auguſt 20, 1697.

LXIII. *A funeral thought.*

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful ſound,
My ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men, come view the ground
"Where you muſt ſhortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay muſt be your bed,
"In ſpite of all your tow'rs;
"The tall, the wiſe, the rev'rend head,
"Muſt lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
To fit our ſouls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying fleſh,
We'll riſe above the ſky.

LXIV. *God the glory and the defence of Zion.*

1 HAPPY the church, thou ſacred place,
The ſeat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are ſtrength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;
Nor ſhall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counſels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain deſigns engage,
Againſt his throne in vain they rage;
Like riſing waves with angry roar,
That daſh and die upon the ſhore.

4 Then let our ſouls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our ſhield, and God our ſun,
Swift as the fleeting moments run;
On us he ſheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brighteſt praiſe.

LXV. *The hopes of heaven our ſupport under trials on earth.*

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewel to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth againſt my ſoul engage,
And helliſh darts be hurl'd,
Then I can ſmile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall;
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

4 There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

LXVI. *A proſpect of heaven makes death eaſy.*

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where ſaints immortal reign;

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

2 There everlaſting ſpring abides
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow ſea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

[3 Sweet fields beyond the ſwelling flood
Stand dreſs'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals ſtart and ſhrink
To croſs this narrow ſea;
And linger, ſhiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe,
And ſee the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moſes ſtood,
And view the landſcape o'er,
Nor Jordan's ſtreams, nor Death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the ſhore.

LXVII. *God's eternal dominion.*

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praiſe to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages ſtood,
Ere ſeas or ſtars were made,
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immenſe ſurvey,
From the formation of the ſky
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands preſent in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new!

5 Our lives thro' various ſcenes are drawn
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undiſturb'd affairs.

6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praiſe to thee.

LXVIII. *The humble worſhip of heaven.*

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to ſee
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts and flee
Up to thy ſeat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy diſtant face,
And 'tis a pleaſant ſight:
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of ſenſe,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleaſure ſprings freſh for ever thence,
Unſpeakable, unknown.

[4 There all the heav'nly hoſts are ſeen,
In ſhining ranks they move,

And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love.

5 When at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they ſink to NOTHING there,
Before the eternal ALL.

6 There I would vie with all the hoſt,
In duty and in bliſs,
While LESS than NOTHING I could boaſt,
And VANITY confeſs*.]

7 The more thy glories ſtrike mine eyes,
The humbler I ſhall lie,
Thus, while I ſink, my joy ſhall riſe,
Unmeaſurably high.

LXIX. *The faithfulneſs of God in the promiſes.*

[1 BEgin my tongue, ſome heav'nly theme,
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs thing,
The mightier works or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his pow'r abroad,
Sing the ſweet promiſe of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim *Salvation from the Lord,*
For wretched dying men;
His hand has writ the ſacred word
With an immortal pen.

* Iſa. x'. 17.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal braſs,
The mighty promiſe ſhines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines,

[5 He that can daſh whole worlds to death,
And make them when he pleaſe,
He ſpeaks, and that almighty Breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is ſtrong
As that which built the ſkies;
The voice that rolls the ſtars along
Speaks all the promiſes.

7 He ſaid, *Let the wide heav'n be ſpread*,
And heav'n was ſtretch'd abroad;
Ab'ram, I'll be thy God, he ſaid,
And he was Ab'ram's God.

8 Oh might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whiſper, *Thou art mine!*
Thoſe gentle words ſhould raiſe my ſong
To notes almoſt divine.

9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n ſecure?
I truſt the All-creating voice,
And faith deſires no more.]

LXX. *God's dominion over the ſea*, Pſ. cvii. 23, &c.

1 GOD of the ſeas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
And one ſoft word of thy command
Can ſink them ſilent in the ſand.
If but a Moſes wave thy rod,
The ſea divides and owns its God;

The ſtormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his choſen armies through.

3 The ſcaly flocks amidſt the ſea,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meaneſt fiſh that ſwims the flood,
Leaps up, and means a praiſe to God.

[4 The largeſt monſters of the deep,
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permiſſion ſport and play,
And cleave along the foaming way.

5 If God his voice of tempeſt rears,
Leviathan lies ſtill and fears:
Anon he lifts his noſtrils high,
And ſpouts the ocean to the ſky.]

6 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd,
Amidſt theſe wat'ry nations, Lord;
Yet the bold men that trace the ſeas,
Bold men, refuſe their Maker's praiſe.

7 What ſcenes of miracles they ſee,
And never tune a ſong to thee!
While on the flood they ſafely ride,
They curſe the hand that ſmooths the tide.

8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And ſome drink death among the waves:
Yet the ſurviving crew blaſpheme,
Nor own the GOD that reſcu'd them.

9 Oh! for ſome ſignal of thine hand!
Shake all the ſeas, Lord, ſhake the land:
Great Judge deſcend, leſt men deny
That there's a God that rules the ſky.

From the 70th to the 108th hymn, I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the 1ſt and 3d lines of the ſtanza.

LXXI. *Praiſe to God from all creatures.*

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice ſhall ſing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that ſhap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler ſpirits came.

3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worſhip with our tongues;
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join the angelic ſongs.

4 Let grov'ling beaſts of ev'ry ſhape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and ſeas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets to his honour ſhine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praiſe him in your unwearied courſe
Around the ſteady pole.

6 The brightneſs of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

LXXII. *The Lord's day;* or, *the reſurrection of Chriſt.*

1 BLeſs'd morning, whoſe young dawning ray
Beheld our riſing God;

That ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt,
And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold priſon of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving ſkies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The ſleeping Conqueror aroſe,
And burſt their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
Theſe ſacred hours we pay,
And loud Hoſannas ſhall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

[4 Salvation and immortal praiſe
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks, and ſeas,
With glad Hoſannas ring.]

LXXIII. *Doubts ſcattered;* or, *Spiritual joys reſtored.*

1 HEnce from my ſoul, ſad thoughts, begone
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue ſhall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noiſe.

2 Darkneſs and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head with tears,
Till ſov'reign Grace, with ſhining rays,
Diſpell'd my gloomy fears.

3 Oh what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,

When Jeſus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine.

4 In vain the tempter frights my ſoul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpſe, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again,

LXXIV *Repentance from a ſenſe of divine goodneſs;* or, *A complaint of ingratitude.*

1 IS this the kind return,
And theſe the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuſe eternal Love,
Whence all our bleſſings flow?

2 To what a ſtubborn frame
Hath ſin reduced our mind!
What ſtrange rebellious wretches we!
And God as ſtrangely kind?

[3 On us he bids the ſun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the ſkies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men:
But we more baſe, more brutiſh things,
Reject his eaſy reign.]

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our ſouls afreſh;
Break, ſov'reign Grace, theſe hearts of ſtone,
And give us hearts of fleſh.

6 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,

And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks ariſe.

LXXV. *Spiritual and eternal joy*; or, *The beatific viſion of Chriſt.*

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys ſhall riſe,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the ſkies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my ſoul
Shall death itſelf outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my bleſſed Jeſus reigns
In heav'n's unmeaſur'd ſpace,
I'll ſpend a long eternity
In pleaſure and in praiſe.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endleſs ages, I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

[5 Sweet Jeſus, ev'ry ſmile of thine
Shall freſh endearments bring,
A thouſand taſtes of new delight
From all thy graces ſpring.

6 Haſte, my Beloved, fetch my ſoul
Up to thy bleſs'd abode;
Fly, for my ſpirit longs to ſee
My Saviour and my God.]

LXXVI. *The resurrection and ascension of Christ*

1 HOSANNA to the prince of Light,
That cloth'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of Death,
And tore the bars away!

2 Death is no more the King of Dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

[5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode,
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

LXXVII. *The Christian warfare.*

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy ſins reſiſt thy courſe;
But hell and ſin are vanquiſh'd foes:
Thy Jeſus nail'd them to the croſs,
And ſung the triumph when he roſe.]

3 What tho' the Prince of Darkneſs rage,
And waſte the fury of his ſpite,
Eternal chains confine him down,
To fiery deeps and endleſs night.

4 What tho' thine inward luſts rebel,
'Tis but a ſtruggling gaſp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall ſlay thy ſins and end thy ſtrife.]

5 Then let my ſoul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

6 There ſhall I wear a ſtarry crown,
And triumph in Almighty Grace,
While all the armies of the ſkies
Join in my glorious Leader's praiſe.

LXXVIII. *Redemption by Chriſt.*

1 WHEN the firſt parents of our race
Rebell'd and loſt their God,
And the infection of their ſin
Had tainted all our blood:

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son,
Deſcending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aſide the Prince of glory threw
His moſt divine array,

And wrapp'd his godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living pow'r and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our fleſh and ſoul
We joyfully reſign:
Bleſs'd Jeſus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honour ſhall for ever be
The buſ'neſs of our days,
For ever ſhall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deſerved praiſe.

LXXIX. *Praiſe to the Redeemer.*

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the ſhining ſeats above
With joyful haſte he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He ſpoil'd the pow'rs of darkneſs thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jeſus has freed our captive ſouls
From everlaſting pains.

In vain the baffled Prince of Hell
His curſed project tries;
We, that were doom'd his endleſs ſlaves,
Are rais'd above the ſkies.]

Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

Yes, we will praiſe thee, deareſt Lord,
Our ſouls are all on flame:
Hoſannah round the ſpacious earth
To thine adored name.

Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

LXXX. *God's awful pow'r and goodneſs.*

1 OH! the almighty Lord!
How matchleſs is his pow'r!
emble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore.

2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne:
ouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he ſhall tread you down.

3 Above the ſkies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
deals inſufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

4 Yet, everlaſting God,
We love to ſpeak thy praiſe;

Thy ſceptre's equal to thy rod,
The ſceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty Love
Defend our Zion well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
That ſits enthron'd above:
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bleſs the God of love.

LXXXI. *Our ſin the cauſe of Chriſt's death.*

1 AND now the ſcales have left mine eye
Now I begin to ſee;
Oh, the curs'd deeds my ſins have done!
What murd'rous things they be!

2 Were theſe the traitors' deareſt Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monſters that ſtain'd thoſe heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
My deareſt Lord was ſlain,
When Juſtice ſeiz'd God's only Son
And put his ſoul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace!
I'll wound my God no more:
Hence from my heart, ye ſins be gone,
For Jeſus I adore!

5 Furniſh me, Lord, with heav'nly arms
From Grace's magazine,

And I'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling ſin.

LXXXII. *Redemption and protection from ſpiritual enemies.*

1 ARISE, my ſoul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God:
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the depths of ſin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my ſtanding more ſecure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlaſting Love
Beneath my ſoul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of Ages ſet
My ſlipp'ry footſteps faſt.

4 The city of my bleſt abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark ſtands
To ſhield the ſacred place.

5 Satan may vent his ſharpeſt ſpite,
And all his legions roar:
Almighty Mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Ariſe, my ſoul! awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleaſure ſing!
Loud hallelujahs ſhall addreſs
My Saviour and my King.

LXXXIII. *The paſſion and exaltation of Chriſt.*

1 THUS ſaith the Ruler of the ſkies,
"Awake, my dreadful ſword;
"Awake, my wrath, and ſmite the man
"My fellow," ſaith the Lord.

2 Veng'ance receiv'd the dread command,
And, arm'd, down ſhe flies;
Jeſus ſubmits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head, and dies.

3 But oh! that wiſdom and the grace
That joins with veng'ance now!
He dies to ſave our guilty race,
And yet he riſes too.

4 A perſon ſo divine was he,
Who yielded to be ſlain,
That he could give his ſoul away,
And take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let ev'ry nation ſing,
And angels ſound, with endleſs joy,
The Saviour and the King.

LXXXIV. *The ſame.*

1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your nobleſt muſic bring;
'Tis Chriſt the everlaſting God,
And Chriſt the Man we ſing.

2 Tell how he took our fleſh
To take away our guilt;

Sing the dear drops of ſacred blood,
That helliſh monſters ſpilt.

[3 Alas! the cruel ſpear
Went deep into his ſide,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]

[4 The waves of ſwelling grief
Did o'er his boſom roll,
And mountains of Almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his ſoul.]

5 Down to the ſhades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he aroſe to live and reign
When death itſelf is dead.

6 No more the bloody ſpear,
The croſs and nails no more;
For hell itſelf ſhakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

7 There the Redeemer ſits,
High on his Father's throne;
The Father lays his veng'ance by
And ſmiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories ſhine
With uncreated rays,
And bleſs his ſaints and angels' eyes
To everlaſting days.

LXXXV. *Sufficiency of pardon.*

WHY does your face, ye humble ſouls,
Theſe mournful colours wear!
What doubts are theſe that waſte your faith,
And nouriſh your deſpair?

2 What tho' your num'rous ſins exceed
The ſtars that fill the ſkies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains riſe?

3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation ſwell,
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the depths of hell?

4 See here an endleſs ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The ſacred flood increaſe:

5 It riſes high and drowns the hills,
'Thas neither ſhore nor bound:
Now, if we ſearch to find our ſins,
Our ſins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood that ſwells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

LXXXVI. *Freedom from ſin and miſery in heav'n.*

1 OUR ſins, alas! how ſtrong they be!
And like a vi'lent ſea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble how they riſe!
How loud the tempeſts roar!
But death ſhall land our weary ſouls
Safe on the heav'nly ſhore.

3 There to fulfil his ſweet commands
Our ſpeedy feet ſhall move;
No ſin ſhall clog our winged zeal,
Nor cool our burning love.

4 There ſhall we ſit, and ſing, and tell,
The wonders of his grace,
Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And ſmile in ev'ry face.

5 For ever his dear ſacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jeſus and ſalvation be
The cloſe of ev'ry ſong.

LXXXVII. *The divine glories above our reaſon.*

1 HOW wond'rous great, how glorious
Muſt our Creator be, [bright.
Who dwells amidſt the dazzling light
Of vaſt infinity!

2 Our ſoaring ſpirits upwards riſe
Tow'rd the celeſtial throne;
Fain would we ſee the bleſſed Three,
And the almighty One.

3 Our reaſon ſtretches all its wings,
And climbs above the ſkies;
But ſtill how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reaſon lies.

4 Lord, here we bend our humble ſouls,
And awfully adore:
For the weak pinions of our mind,
Can ſtretch a thought no more.]

5 Thy glories infinitely riſe
Above our lab'ring tongue;

In vain the brighteſt ſeraph tries
To form an equal ſong.

6 In humble notes our faith adores
The great myſterious King,
While angels ſtrain their nobler pow'rs,
And ſweep th' immortal ſtring.]

LXXXVIII. *Salvation.*

1 SALVATION! Oh the joyful ſound;
'Tis pleaſure to our ears;
A ſov'ring balm for ev'ry wound,
And cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in ſorrow, and in ſin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we ariſe by grace divine
To ſee a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

LXXXIX. *Chriſt's victory over Satan.*

1 HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The prince of darkneſs flies.
His troops ruſh headlong down to hell
Like light'ning from the ſkies.

2 There, bound in chains the lions roar,
And fright the reſcu'd ſheep;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep.

3 Hoſanna to our conqu'ring King,
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thouſand ſongs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathleſs fame,
Through the wide world ſhall run,
And everlaſting ages ſing
The triumphs thou haſt won.

XC. *Faith in Chriſt for pardon and ſanctification.*

1 HOW ſad our ſtate by nature is!
Our ſin how deep it ſtains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Faſt in his ſlaviſh chains.

2 But there's a voice of ſov'reign grace
Sounds from the ſacred word,
"Ho! ye deſpairing ſinners come,
"And truſt upon the Lord."

3 My ſoul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to his relief;
I would believe thy promiſe, Lord,
Oh! help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me waſh my ſpotted ſoul
From crimes of deepeſt dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King!
My reigning ſins ſubdue;
Drive the old dragon from his ſeat,
With all his helliſh crew.]

6 A guilty, weak, and helpleſs worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my ſtrength and right'ouſneſs,
My Jeſus, and my all.

XCI. *The glory of Chriſt in heaven.*

1 OH! the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jeſus ſheds the brighteſt beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet Majeſty, and awful love,
Sit ſmiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble diſtance bow.

[3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright ſceptres down:
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice;
To ſee him wear the crown.

4 Archangels ſound his lofty praiſe
Through ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet,
And lay their higheſt honours down
Submiſſive at his feet.

5 Thoſe ſoft, thoſe bleſſed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they ſtand
And all the ſaints adore.

6 His head, the dear majeſtic head
That cruel thorns did wound;
See what immortal glories ſhine,
And circle it around.]

7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unſeen, adore;

But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts ſhall love him more.

[Lord, how our ſouls are all on fire,
To ſee thy bleſs'd abode!
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praiſe,
To our incarnate God.]

And while our faith enjoys this ſight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wiſh thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our ſouls away.

XCII. *The church ſaved, and her enemies diſappointed*

[Compoſed the 5th of November, 1694.]

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run;
Ye Britiſh ſkies, reſound the noiſe
Beyond the riſing ſun.

Thee, mighty God, our ſouls admire,
Thee, our glad voices ſing,
And join with the celeſtial choir,
To praiſe th' eternal King.

Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And on the ſtarry ſkies,
Sits ſmiling at the weak deſigns
Thine envious foes deviſe.

Thy ſcorn derides their feeble rage,
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vaſt confuſion on their plots;
And ſhakes their Babel down.

[5 Their ſecret fires in caverns lay,
And we the ſacrifice:
But gloomy caverns ſtrove in vain
To 'ſcape All-ſearching eyes.

6 Their dark deſigns were all reveal'd,
Their treaſons all betray'd:
Praiſe to the Lord that broke the ſnare
Their curſed hands had laid.]

7 In vain the buſy ſons of hell
Still new rebellions try,
Their ſouls ſhall pine with envious rage,
And vex away and die.

8 Almighty Grace defends our land
From their malicious pow'r;
Let Britain, with united ſongs,
Almighty Grace adore.

XCIII. *God all in all*, Pſal. lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

[2 Thy ſhining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradiſe when thou art here;
If thou depart 'tis hell.]

[3 The ſmilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to reſt in thine embrace,
And no where elſe but there.]

[4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliſs;

They ſit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jeſus is.]

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his reſidence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the ſky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy preſence, Lord.

7 Thou art the ſea of love,
Where all my pleaſures roll,
The circle, where my paſſions move,
And centre of my ſoul.

8 To thee my ſpirits fly
With infinite deſire;
And yet, how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jeſus, raiſe me higher.]

XCIV. *God my only happineſs*, Pſal. lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlaſting all,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the ſkies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deſerves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]

3 In vain the bright, the burning ſun,
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy ſweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilſt upon my reſtleſs bed
Amongſt the ſhades I roll,
If my Redeemer ſhows his head,
'Tis morning with my ſoul.]

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and ſafe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what's my ſafety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

7 Were I poſſeſſor of the earth,
And call'd the ſtars my own!
Without thy graces, and thyſelf,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others ſtretch their arms like ſeas,
And graſp in all the ſhore,
Grant me the viſits of thy face,
And I deſire no more.

XCV. *Look on him whom they pierced, and mour*

1 INFINITE grief! amazing wo!
Behold my bleeding Lord;
Hell and the Jews conſpir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman ſword.

2 Oh, the ſharp pangs of ſmarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns
His ſacred body tore.

3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuſe:
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more ſpiteful Jews.

4 'Twere you, my ſins, my cruel ſins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the ſpear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the veng'ance down,
Upon his guiltleſs head;
Break, break my heart, oh! burſt mine eyes,
And let my ſorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty Grace, my flinty ſoul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undiſſembled woe.

XCVI. *Diſtinguiſhing love;* or, *Angels puniſhed and man ſaved.*

1 DOWN headlong from their native ſkies
The rebel angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Purſu'd them down to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliſs
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jeſus ſtoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a ſinking world.

3 Oh! love of infinite degree;
Unmeaſurable grace!
Muſt Heav'n's eternal Darling die
To ſave a trait'rous race!

4 Muſt angels ſink for ever down,
And burn in quenchleſs fire,
While God forſakes his ſhining throne
To raiſe us wretches higher?

5 Oh! for his love, let earth and ſkies
With Hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs ſing.

XCVII. *The ſame.*

1 FROM heav'n the ſinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkneſs chain'd 'em down
But man, vile man, forſook his bliſs,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2 Amazing work of ſov'reign grace,
That could diſtinguiſh rebels ſo!
Our guilty treaſons call'd aloud
For everlaſting fetters too.

3 To thee, to thee, almighty Love,
Our ſouls, ourſelves, our all we pay;
Millions of tongues ſhall ſound thy praiſe
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

XCVIII. *Hardneſs of heart complained of.*

1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is?
How heavy here it lies?
Heavy and cold within my breaſt,
Juſt like a rock of ice!

2 Sin like a raging tyrant ſits
Upon this flinty throne,
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of ſtone.

How ſeldom do I riſe to God,
Or taſte the joys above!
This mountain preſſes down my faith
And chills my flaming love.

When ſmiling Mercy courts my ſoul,
With all its heav'nly charms,
This ſtubborn, this relentleſs thing,
Would thruſt it from my arms.

Againſt the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have ſtood;
My heart, it ſhakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

Dear Saviour, ſteep this rock of mine
In thine own crimſon ſea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt a flint away.

XCIX. *The book of God's decrees.*

LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God:
Whate'er his ſov'reign voice has form'd
He governs with a nod.

[Ten thouſand ages ere the ſkies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood preſent to his thought.]

There's not a ſparrow, or a worm,
But's found in his decrees;
He raiſes monarchs to their throne,
And ſinks them as he pleaſe.

If light attends the courſe I run,
'Tis he provides thoſe rays;

And 'tis his hand that hides my ſun,
If darkneſs cloud my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to ſee
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the book of life,
Oh! may I read my name
Amongſt the choſen of his love,
The foll'wers of the Lamb.

C. *The preſence of Chriſt is the life of my ſoul.*

1 HOW full of anguiſh is the thought,
How it diſtracts and tears my heart!
If God at laſt, my ſov'reign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my ſoul "Depar

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly ſtage,
Where ſhall I fly, but to thy breaſt!
For I have ſought no other home;
For I have learn'd no other reſt.

3 I cannot live contented here,
Without ſome glimpſes of thy face;
And heav'n, without thy preſence there,
Will be a dark and tireſome place.

4 When earthly cares engroſs the day,
And hold my thoughts aſide from thee
The ſhining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no ev'ning-viſit's paid
Between my Saviour and my ſoul,
How dull the night, how ſad the ſhade!
How motionleſs the minutes roll!

6 This fleſh of mine might learn as ſoon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

[7 Chriſt is my light, my Life, my Care,
My bleſſed Hope, my heav'nly Prize;
Dearer than all my paſſions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8 The ſtrings that twine about my heart.
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part,
With their dear hold of Chriſt my love.]

[9 My God! and can an humble child,
That loves thee with a flame ſo high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?

10 Impoſſible!—For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart ſo faſt to thee,
And in thy book the promiſe ſtands,
That where thou art thy friends muſt be.

Cl. *The world's three chief temptations.*

1 WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour and gold, and ſenſual joy,
How vain and dangerous too.

[2 Honour's a puff of noiſy breath;
Yet men expoſe their blood,
And venture everlaſting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilſt others ſtarve the nobler mind,
And feed on ſhining duſt,

They rob the ſerpent of his food,
T' indulge a ſordid luſt.]

4 The pleaſures that allure our ſenſe
Are dangerous ſnares to ſouls;
They're but a drop of flatt'ring ſweet,
And daſh'd with bitter bowels.

5 God is mine All-ſufficient Good,
My Portion and my Choice;
In him my vaſt deſires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

6 In vain the world accoſts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliſs ſo dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

CII. *A happy reſurrection.*

1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gaſp reſign,
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
Theſe dying, withering limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my waſting fleſh,
And crumble all my bones to duſt,
My God ſhall raiſe my frame anew
At the revival of the juſt.

3 Break, ſacred morning, thro' the ſkies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day,
Cut ſhort the hours, dear Lord, and come;
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they ſtay!

[4 Our weary ſpirits faint to ſee
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of thoſe lips
Where God hath ſhed his richeſt grace.]

[5 Haſte then upon the wings of love,
Rouſe all the pious ſleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And ſing the triumph of the day.]

CIII. *Chriſt's commiſſion*, John iii. 16, 17.

1 COME, happy ſouls approach your God
With new melodious ſongs;
Come, render to almighty Grace
The tributes of your tongues.

2 So ſtrange, ſo boundleſs was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father ſent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jeſus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commiſſion to perform
The veng'ance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild
And wrath forſook the throne,
When Chriſt on the kind errand came,
And brought ſalvation down.

5 Here, ſinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your ſorrows dry;
Truſt in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you ſhall never die.

6 See, deareſt Lord, our willing ſouls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bleſs the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praiſe.

CIV. *The ſame.*

1 RAISE your triumphant ſongs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds
Celeſtial Grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our wretched race
From their abyſs of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty ſouls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas Mercy fill'd the throne,
And Wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When Chriſt was ſent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, ſinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeleſs ſorrows ceaſe;
Bow to the ſceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the ſalvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy name.

CV. *Repentance flowing from the patience of G*

1 AND are we wretches yet alive!
And do we yet rebel!

'Tis boundleſs, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would ſink us down to flames,
And threat'ning veng'ance rolls above,
To cruſh our feeble frames.

3 Almighty Goodneſs cries, "Forbear,"
And ſtraight the thunder ſtays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our ſin,
Our aking hearts e'en bleed to ſee
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye luſts, ſhall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conq'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

CVI. *Repentance at the croſs.*

1 OH, if my ſoul were form'd for wo,
How would I vent my ſighs!
Repentance ſhould like rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my ſins my deareſt Lord
Hung on the curſed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my ſoul, for thee.

3 Oh, how I hate thoſe luſts of mine
That crucify'd my God;
Thoſe ſins that pierc'd and nail'd his fleſh
Faſt to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they ſhall die,
My heart hath ſo decreed;
Nor will I ſpare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilſt, with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raiſe revenge againſt my ſins,
And ſlay the murd'rers too.

CVII. *The everlaſting abſcence of God intolerable.*

1 THAT awful day will ſurely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haſte,
When I muſt ſtand before my Judge,
And paſs the ſolemn teſt.

2 Thou lovely, chief of all my joys,
Thou ſov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the ſound, "Depart."

3 The thunder of that diſmal word
Would ſo torment my ear,
'Twould tear my ſoul aſunder, Lord,
With moſt tormenting fear.

4 What! to be baniſh'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger, in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly?

5 Oh! wretched ſtate of deep deſpair,
To ſee my God remove,
And fix my doleful ſtation where
I muſt not taſte his love.

6 Jeſus, I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breaſt;
Without a gracious ſmile from thee
My ſpirit cannot reſt.

7 Oh! tell me that my worthleſs name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me ſome promiſe in thy book,
Where my ſalvation ſtands!

8 Give me one kind, aſſuring word,
To ſink my fears again,
And cheerfully my ſoul ſhall wait
Here threeſcore years and ten.]

CVIII. *Acceſs to the throne of grace by a Mediator.*

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And ſmile to ſee our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a ſeat of dreadful wrath
And ſhot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd *conſuming fire*,
And VENGEANCE was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jeſus' blood,
That calm'd his frowning face
That ſprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd his wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his face,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his ſeat,
Nor double flaming ſword.

5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliſs
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raiſe our notes of praiſe
And reach th' almighty throne.

6 To thee ten thouſand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high?
And glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

CIX. *The darkneſs of Providence.*

1 LORD, we adore thy vaſt deſigns,
Th' obſcure abyſs of Providence,
Too deep to ſound with mortal lines
Too dark to view with feeble ſenſe.

2 Now thou array'ſt thine awful face
In angry frowns without a ſmile;
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace
Secure of thy compaſſion ſtill.

3 Through ſeas and ſtorms of deep diſtreſs,
We ſail by faith, and not by ſight;
Faith guides us in the wilderneſs,
Through all the briers and the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Reſolve to ſcourge us here below.
Still we muſt lean upon our God,
Thine arm ſhall bear us ſafely through

CX. *Triumph over death, in hope of the reſurrectio*

1 AND muſt this body die,
This mortal frame decay.

And muſt theſe active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this fleſh,
Till my triumphant ſpirit comes,
To put it on afreſh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the ſkies
Looks down, and watches all my duſt,
Till he ſhall bid it riſe.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall theſe vile bodies ſhine,
And ev'ry ſhape, and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 Theſe lively hopes we owe
To Jeſus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And ſing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praiſe
Of theſe our humble ſongs,
Till tunes of nobler ſongs we raiſe,
With our immortal tongues.

CXI. *Thankſgiving for victory;* or, *God's dominion and our deliverance.*

1 ZION rejoice, and Judah ſing,
The Lord aſſumes his throne:
Let Britain own the heav'nly king,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high ſeats are hurl'd;

Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Diſtributes mortal crowns:
Empires are fix'd beneath his ſmiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquiſh'd by his breath;
And legions arm'd with pow'r and pride,
Deſcend to wat'ry death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

6 Long may the king, our ſov'reign, live
To rule us by his word;
And all the honours he can give,
Be offer'd to the Lord.

CXII. *Angels miniſtering to Chriſt and Saints.*

1 GREAT God! to what a glorious heigh
Haſt thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son
Angels in all their robes of light,
Are made the ſervants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And ſwift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of ſtate,
In works of veng'ance or of love.

3 His orders run through all the hoſts,
Legions deſcend at his command,
To ſhield and guard the Britiſh coaſts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now are they ſent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou ſhalt bid me riſe and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my ſpirit home.

CXIII. *The ſame.*

1 THE majeſty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold,
The ſervants waiting round his throne,
Th' iv'ry and the gold!

2 But, mighty God! thy palace ſhines
With far ſuperior beams;
Thine angel-guards are ſwift as winds,
Thy miniſters are flames.

3 Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on this earth,
A ſhining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.

4 And when oppreſs'd with pains and fears
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold, a heav'nly form appears
T' allay his agonies.]

5 Now to the hands of Chriſt our King,
Are all their legions giv'n;
They wait upon his ſaints, and bring
His choſen heirs to heav'n.

6 Pleaſure and praiſe run through their hoſt,
To ſee a ſinner turn;

Then Satan has a captive loſt,
And Chriſt a ſubject born.

7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels ſends,
Obſtinate rebels to deſtroy,
And gather in his friends.

8 Oh! could I ſay, without a doubt,
There ſhall my ſoul be found.
Then let the great archangel ſhout,
And the laſt trumpet ſound.

CXIV. *Chriſt's death, victory, and dominion.*

1 I SING my Saviour's wond'rous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finiſh'd, ſaid his dying breath,
And ſhook the gates of hell.

2 *'Tis finiſh'd*, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence ſhall his ſov'reign throne ariſe,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His croſs a ſure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He paſs'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's ſide
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The ſaints from his propitious eye,
Await their ſeveral crowns.

And all the ſons of darkneſs fly
The terror of his frowns.

CXV. *God the avenger of his ſaints;* or, *his kingdom ſupreme.*

1 HIGH as the heav'ns above the ground
Reigns the Creator, God:
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted ſtate
To him aſcribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And caſt their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is ſupreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain,
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye muſt die like men.

4 Then let the ſov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the juſt;
He puts on veng'ance like a robe,
And treads the worms to duſt.

5 Ye judges of the earth be wiſe!
And think of heav'n with fear:
The meaneſt ſaint that you deſpiſe
Has an avenger there.

CXVI. *Mercies and thanks.*

1 HOW can I ſink with ſuch a prop
As my eternal God:
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And ſpreads the heav'ns abroad?

2 How can I die while Jeſus lives,
Who roſe and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my ſoul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands reſign.

4 Yet, if I might make ſome reſerve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal ſo great,
That I ſhould give him all.

CXVII. *Living and dying with God preſent.*

1 I Cannot bear thine abſence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart:
Be thou, my heart, ſtill near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth and ſin,
Nor can I live on things ſo vile;
Yet I will ſtay my father's time,
And hope, and wait for heav'n awhile.

3 Then, deareſt Lord, in thine embrace
Let me reſign my fleeting breath,
And, with a ſmile upon my face,
Paſs the important hour of death.

CXVIII. *The prieſthood of Chriſt.*

1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the ſkies,
Revenge! the blood of Abel cries:
But the dear ſtream, when Chriſt was ſlain,
Speaks peace as loud from ev'ry vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold he lays his veng'ance by:
And rebels, that deſerve the ſword,
Becomes the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To Jeſus let our praiſes riſe,
Who gave his life a ſacrifice:
Now he appears before his God,
And, for our pardon, pleads his blood.

CXIX. *The holy ſcriptures.*

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpſe of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief aſſuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almoſt in ev'ry page.

3 This is the field where, hidden, lies
The Pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wiſe,
Who makes the Pearl his own.

4 Here conſecrated water flows,
To quench my thirſt of ſin;
Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the Judge that ends the ſtrife,
Where wit and reaſon fail;
My guide to everlaſting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh! may thy counſels, mighty God,
My roving feet command,

Nor I forſake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand,

CXX. *The law and goſpel joined in ſcriptures.*

1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidſt the ſmoke of Sinai's hill,
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
And ſmiling from above,
Sends down the goſpel of his grace,
Th' epiſtles of his love.

3 The ſacred words impart
Our Maker's juſt commands,
The pity of his melting heart,
And veng'ance of his hands.

[4 Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treaſur'd here,
And armour of defence.

5 We learn Chriſt crucify'd,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beſide
Will do us little good]

6 We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the ſtatutes of the Lord,
And truſt his promiſes.

7 In vain ſhall Satan rage
Againſt a book divine,
Where wrath and light'ning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy ſhine.

CXXI. *The law and goſpel diſtinguiſhed.*

THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the goſpel muſt reveal
Where lies our ſtrength to do his will.

The law diſcovers guilt and ſin,
And ſhows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the goſpel can expreſs
Forgiving love and cleanſing grace.

What curſes doth the law denounce
Againſt the man that fails but once?
But in the goſpel Chriſt appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

My ſoul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the goſpel gives,
The man that truſts the promiſe lives.

CXXII. *Retirement and meditation.*

MAY God permit me not to be
A ſtranger to myſelf and thee;
Amidſt a thouſand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my higheſt love.

Why ſhould my paſſions mix with earth,
And thus debaſe my heav'nly birth?
Why ſhould I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

Call me away from fleſh and ſenſe,
One ſov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice Divine,
And all inferior joys reſign.

4 Be earth, with all her ſcenes, withdrawn;
Let noiſe and vanity be gone:
In ſecret ſilence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

CXXIII. *The benefit of public ordinances.*

1 AWAY from ev'ry mortal care!
Away from earth our ſouls retreat!
We leave this worthleſs world afar,
And wait and worſhip near thy ſeat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We ſee thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

4 While here our various wants we mourn
United groans aſcend on high,
And prayer hears a quick return
Of bleſſings in variety.

[4 If Satan rage, and ſin grow ſtrong,
Here we receive ſome cheering word;
We gird the goſpel-armour on,
To fight the battles of our Lord.

5 Or if our ſpirit faints and dies,
(Our conſcience gall'd with inward ſtings)
Here doth the righteous ſun ariſe,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Father, my ſoul would ſtill abide
Within thy temple, near thy ſide;
But if my feet muſt hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

CXXIV. *Moſes, Aaron, and Joſhua.*

'TIS not the law of ten commands,
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or ſent to men by Moſes' hands,
Can bring us ſafe to heav'n.

'Tis not the blood which Aaron ſpilt,
Nor ſmoke of ſweeteſt ſmell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or ſave our ſouls from hell.

Aaron the prieſt reſigns his breath
At God's immediate will,
And in the deſert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

And thus on Jordan's yonder ſide,
The tribes of Iſr'el ſtand,
While Moſes bow'd his head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.

Iſr'el rejoice, now Joſhua * leads,
He'll bring your tribes to reſt:
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the prieſt.

CXXV. *Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.*

LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n,
To ſouls that mourn the ſins they've done:
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n,
By faith in God's eternal Son.

* Joſhua, the ſame with Jeſus, and ſignifies Saviour.

2 Wo to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds, to all his crying guilt,
The ſtubborn ſin of unbelief.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies;
He ſeals the curſe on his own head,
And with a double veng'ance dies.

CXXVI. *God glorified in the goſpel.*

1 THE Lord deſcending from above
Invites his children near;
While pow'r and truth, and boundleſs lo
Diſplay their glories here.

2 Here in thy goſpel's wond'rous frame
Freſh wiſdom we purſue;
A thouſand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in faireſt lines,
Thy wonders here we trace:
Wiſdom thro' all the myſt'ry ſhines,
And ſhines in Jeſus' face.

4 The law its beſt obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging Juſtice ſhows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But ſtill the luſtre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole ſcene with brighter rays
And more exalts our joys.

CXXVII. *Circumciſion and baptiſm.*

[Written only for thoſe who practice the baptiſm of infants.]

1 THUS did the ſons of Abr'am paſs
Under the bloody ſeal of grace;
The young diſciples bore the yoke,
Till Chriſt the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jeſus prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love;
He ſeals to ſaints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3 Their ſeed is ſprinkled with his blood,
Their children ſet apart for God;
His ſpirit on their offspring ſhed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let ev'ry ſaint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abr'am praiſe.

CXXXVIII. *Corrupt nature from Adam.*

1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our Father, ſtood,
Till he debas'd his ſoul to ſenſe,
And ate the unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a ſenſual race,
To ſinful joys inclin'd;
Reaſon has loſt its native place,
And fleſh enſlaves the mind.

3 While fleſh, and ſenſe, and paſſion reign
Sin is the ſweeteſt good;
We fancy muſic in our chains,
And ſo forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs reſtore,
Inſpire us with a heav'nly flame,
And fleſh ſhall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the ſecond Adam draw
His image in our hearts.

XXIX. *We walk by faith, not by ſight.*

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deſerts dark as nig
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our ligh

2 The want of ſight ſhe well ſupplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into diſtant worlds ſhe pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the deſert thro',
While faith inſpires a heav'nly ray,
Tho' lions roar, and tempeſt blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abr'am, by divine command,
Left his own houſe to walk with Go
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

CXXX. *The new creation.*

ATTEND while God's exalted Son,
Doth his own glories ſhow:
"Behold I ſit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.

"Nature and ſin are paſs'd away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay,
"See the new world ariſe.

"I'll be a Son of right'ouſneſs
"To the new heav'ns I make;
"None but the new-born heirs of grace
"My glories ſhall partake."

Mighty Redeemer! ſet me free
From my old ſtate of ſin;
Oh! make my ſoul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.

Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afreſh;
Give me new paſſions, joys, and fears,
And turn the ſtone to fleſh.

Far from the regions of the dead,
From ſin, and earth, and hell!
In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

CXXXI. *The excellency of the Chriſtian religion.*

LET everlaſting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;

Thy hands have brought ſalvation down,
And writ the bleſſings in thy word.

[2 What if we trace the globe around,
And ſearch from Britain to Japan,
There ſhall be no religion found
So juſt to God, ſo ſafe to man.]

3 In vain the trembling conſcience ſeeks
Some ſolid ground to reſt upon:
With long deſpair the ſpirit breaks,
Till we apply to Chriſt alone.

4 How well thy bleſſed truths agree!
How wiſe and holy thy commands!
Thy promiſes, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort ſtands.

[5 Not the feign'd fields of heath'niſh bliſs
Could raiſe ſuch pleaſures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkiſh paradiſe
Pretend to joys ſo well refin'd.]

6 Should all the forms that men deviſe
Aſſault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the goſpel to my heart.

CXXXII. *The offices of Chriſt.*

1 WE bleſs the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jeſus, thy Spirit, and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High-Prieſt above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How ſweet are his commands!
He guards our ſouls from hell and ſin
By his almighty hands.

4 Hoſanna to his glorious name,
Who ſaves by diff'rent ways!
His mercies lay a ſov'reign claim
To our immortal praiſe.

CXXXIII. *The operations of the Holy Spirit.*

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confeſs,
And ſing the wonders of thy grace,
Thy pow'r conveys our bleſſings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thine heav'nly ray,
Our ſhades and darkneſs turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning ſin;
Doth our imperious luſt ſubdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conſcience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the ſtormy wind,
And calm the ſurges of the mind.

CXXXIV. *Circumciſion aboliſhed.*

1 THE promiſe was divinely free,
Extenſive was the grace,
"I will the God of Abra'm be,
"And of his num'rous race.

2 He ſaid, and with a bloody ſeal
Confirm'd the words he ſpoke:
Long did the ſons of Abr'am feel
The ſharp and painful yoke.

3 Till God's own Son, deſcending low,
Gave his own fleſh to bleed;
And Gentiles taſte the bleſſings now,
From the hard bondage freed.

4 The God of Abr'am claims our praiſe,
His promiſes endure;
And Chriſt the Lord in gentler ways,
Makes the ſalvation ſure.

CXXXV. *Types and prophecies of Chriſt.*

1 BEHOLD the woman's promis'd ſeed!
The Great Meſſiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the ſuperior room!

2 Ab'ram the ſaint rejoic'd of old
When viſions of the Lord he ſaw;
Moſes, the Man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law,

3 The Types bore witneſs to his name,
Obtain'd their chief deſign and ceas'd;
The incenſe and the bleeding Lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the prieſt.

4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their bleſſings on his head;
Jeſus, we worſhip at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd ſeed.

CXXXVI *Miracles at the birth of Chriſt.*

1 THE King of glory ſends his Son
To make his entrance on the earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'nly hoſts declare his birth!

2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown ſtar aroſe, and led
The eaſtern ſages to his feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conſpire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the ſacred fire,
And bleſs'd the babe, and own'd his name.

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaſpheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with ſcorn;
Our ſouls adore th' eternal God,
Who condeſcended to be born.

CXXXVII. *Miracles in the life, death, and reſurrection of Chriſt.*

1 BEHOLD the blind their ſight receive,
Behold the dead awake, and live!
The dumb ſpeak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bleſs his name!

2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own,
And ſeal the miſſion of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cauſe,
While he hangs bleeding on the croſs.

3 He dies! the heav'ns in mourning ſtood:
He riſes! and appears a God:

Behold the Lord aſcending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence, and for ever, from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to thoſe hands my ſoul reſign,
Which bears credentials ſo divine.

CXXXVIII. *The power of the goſpel.*

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above:
Jehovah here reſolves to ſhow,
What his almighty Grace can do.

2 This remedy did wiſdom find
To heal diſeaſes of the mind;
This ſov'reign balm, whoſe virtues can
Reſtore the ruin'd creature man.

3 The goſpel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afreſh,
And hearts of ſtone are turn'd to fleſh,

[4 Where Satan reign'd in ſhades of night,
The goſpel ſtrikes a heav'nly light:
Our luſt its wond'rous pow'r controuls,
And calms the rage of angry ſouls.]

[5 Lions, and beaſts of ſavage name,
Put on the nature of the Lamb:
While the wild world eſteem it ſtrange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

6 May but his grace my ſoul renew,
Let ſinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that ſaves me does engage
A ſure defence from all their rage.

CXXXIX. *The example of Chriſt.*

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and ſuch thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekneſs ſo divine,
I would tranſcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witneſs'd the fervor of thy pray'r;
The deſert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, ſhall own my name
Amongſt the foll'wers of the Lamb.

CXL. *The example of Chriſt and the ſaints.*

GIVE me the wings of faith, to riſe
Within the veil and ſee
The ſaints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wreſtled hard, as we do now,
With ſins, and doubts, and fears.

I aſk them whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Aſcribe their conqueſts to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footſteps that he trod,
(His zeal inſpir'd their breaſt:
And foll'wing their incarnate God,
Poſſeſs the promis'd reſt.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praiſe,
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witneſſes
Show the ſame ſame path to heav'n.

CXLI. *Faith aſſiſted by ſenſe;* or, *preaching baptiſm, and the Lord's ſupper.*

1 MY Saviour God, my ſov'reign Prince,
Reigns far above the ſkies;
But brings his graces down to ſenſe,
And helps my faith to riſe.

2 My eyes and ears ſhall bleſs his name,
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taſte ſhall do the ſame,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptiſmal water is deſign'd
To ſeal his cleanſing grace,
While at his feaſt of bread and wine,
He gives his ſaints a place.

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my fleſh ſo clean,
As by his ſpirit and his blood
He'll waſh my ſoul from ſin.

5 Not choiceſt meats, or nobleſt wines,
So much my heart refreſh,
As when my faith goes through the ſigns
And feeds upon his fleſh.

6 I love the Lord who ſtoops ſo low,
To give his word a ſeal;
But the rich grace his hands beſtow
Exceeds the figure ſtill.

CXLII. *Faith in Chriſt our ſacrifice.*

1 NOT all the blood of beaſts
On Jewiſh altars ſlain,
Could give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away the ſtain.

2 But Chriſt the heav'nly Lamb,
Take all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my ſin.

4 My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burdens thou didſt bear,
When hanging on the curſed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To ſee the curſe remov'd;
We bleſs the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And ſing his bleeding love.

CXLIII. *Fleſh and ſpirit.*

1 WHAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and ſin
Attend our mortal ſtate!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While ſin and Satan reign;
Now raiſe my ſongs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkneſs ſtruggles with the light,
Till perfect day ariſe;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the fleſh and ſpirit ſtrive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I ſhall quit this mortal life,
And ſin for ever ceaſe.

CXLIV. *The effuſion of the Spirit;* or, *The ſucceſs of the goſpel.*

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine diſciples met;
Whilſt on their heads the Spirit came,
And ſat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to ſave!
Furniſh'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Inſtead of ſhields, and ſpears, and ſwords.

3 Thus arm'd, he ſent the champions forth,
From eaſt to weſt, from ſouth to north,
"Go, and aſſert your Saviour's cauſe;
"Go, ſpread the myſt'ry of his croſs."

4 Theſe weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are;
To make our ſtubborn paſſions bow,
And lay the proudeſt rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by theſe heav'nly arms ſubdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loſs,
And hates the doctrine of the croſs.

6 Great King of Grace! my heart ſubdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And ſing the vict'ries of his word.

CXLV. *Sight through a glaſs, and face to face.*

1 I Love the windows of thy grace
Thro' which my Lord is ſeen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a glaſs between.

2 O that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to ſight!
I ſhall behold my Lord at home,
In a diviner light.

3 Haſte, my Beloved, and remove
Theſe interpoſing days;
Then ſhall my paſſions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praiſe.

CXLVI. *The vanity of creatures;* or, *no reſt on earth.*

1 MAN hath a ſoul of vaſt deſires,
He burns within with reſtleſs fires;
Toſt to and fro, his paſſions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some ſolid good to fill the mind;

We try new pleaſures, but we feel
The inward thirſt and torment ſtill.

3 So when a raging fever burns;
We ſhift from ſide to ſide by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God! ſubdue this vicious thirſt,
This love to vanity and duſt;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our ſouls with joys refin'd.

CXLVII. *The creation of the world*, Gen. i.

1 "NOW let the ſpacious world ariſe,"
Said the Creator Lord;
At once th' obedient earth and ſkies
Roſe at his ſov'reign word.

[2 Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light, and new-born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds aſcend on high;
The clouds aſcend and bear
A wat'ry treaſure to the ſky,
And float on ſofter air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling ſeas together flow,
And leave the ſolid land.

5 With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bleſs the earth,
Or ſun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper ſkies;
Behold the ſun appears,
The moon and ſtars in order riſe,
To mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' Almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowl of ev'ry wing,
And fiſh of ev'ry name.]

8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wond'rous birth,
And grazing-beaſts of various form
Roſe from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was fram'd of equal clay,
Though ſov'reign of the reſt,
Deſign'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bleſt.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation ſtood,
He ſaw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature ſtands,
Thy praiſe ſhall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted ſong.

CXLVIII. *God reconciled in Chriſt.*

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jeſus, and my God;
Who can reſiſt thy heav'nly love,
Or triſle with thy blood.

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death,
The Father ſmiles again;

'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human fleſh I ſee,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, juſt, and ſacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appears,
My hope my joy begins;
His name forbids my ſlaviſh fears,
His grace removes my ſins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wiſdom boaſt,
I love the incarnate myſtery,
And there I fix my truſt.

CXLIX. *Honour to magiſtrates;* or, *government from God.*

1 ETERNAL Sov'reign of the ſky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to they majeſty
Our firſt obedience owe.

2 Our ſouls adore thy throne ſupreme,
And bleſs thy providence,
For magiſtrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

[3 The crowns of Britiſh princes ſhines
With rays above the reſt,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation bleſs'd.]

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations ſtand,
While virtue finds reward;

And ſinners periſh from the land,
By juſtice and the ſword.

5 Let Cæſar's due be ever paid
To Cæſar and his throne;
But conſciences and ſouls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

CL *The deceitfulneſs of ſin.*

1 SIN has a thouſand treach'rous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks ſhe tempts our hearts,
But leaves a ſting behind.

2 With names of virtue ſhe deceives
The aged and the young,
And while the heedleſs wretch believes
She makes his fetters ſtrong.

3 She pleads for all the joys ſhe brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the ſoul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to ſenſe.

4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poiſon there,
And tainted all her blood.

CLI. *Propheſy and inſpiration.*

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets ſpoke his word,
His Spirit did their tongues inſpire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire,

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the meſſages they brought;
The prophet's pen ſucceeds his breath,
To ſave the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleaſure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I ſee,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

4 Let the falſe ruptures of the mind
Be loſt and vaniſh in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope ſecure;
This is thy word, and muſt endure.

CLII. *Sinai and Sion*, Heb. xii. 18, &c.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The Tempeſt, fire, and ſmoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God in Sinai ſpoke.

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And ſpread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable hoſt
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the ſpirits of the juſt,
Whoſe faith is turn'd to ſight!

4 Behold the bleſs'd aſſembly there
Whoſe names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vileſt ſins forgiv'n.

5 The ſaints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;

All join in Chriſt, their living head,
And of his grace partrke.

6 In ſuch ſociety as this
My weary ſoul would reſt;
The man that dwells where Jeſus is,
Muſt be for ever bleſs'd,

CLIII. *The diſtemper, folly, and madneſs of ſin.*

1 SIN, like a venomous diſeaſe,
Infects our vital blood:
The only balm is ſov'reign grace,
And the phyſician God.

2 Our beauty and our ſtrength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Chriſt the Lord recals the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madneſs by nature, reigns within,
The paſſions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with ſkill divine,
The inward fire aſſuage.

[4 We lick the duſt, we graſp the wind,
And ſolid good deſpiſe;
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jeſus make us wiſe.

5 We give our ſouls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And ruſh with fury down to hell;
But heav'n prevents the fall.]

[6 The man poſſeſs'd amongſt the tombs
Cuts his own fleſh and cries:

He foams and raves, till Jeſus comes,
And the foul ſpirit flies.]

CLIV. *Self-righteouſneſs inſufficient.*

1 "WHERE are the mourners * (ſaith the Lord)
"That wait and tremble at my word?
"That walk in darkneſs all the day?
"Come make my name your truſt and ſtay.

[2 "No works nor duties of your own
"Can for the ſmalleſt ſin atone;
"The robes that nature may provide †
"Will not your leaſt pollutions hide.

3 "The ſofteſt couch that nature knows,
"Can give the conſcience no repoſe;
"Look to my right'ouſneſs and live,
"Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4 "Ye ſons of pride, that kindle coals
"With your own hands, to warm your ſouls,
"Walk in the light of your own fire,
"Enjoy the ſparks that ye deſire.

5 "This is your portion at my hands,
"Hell waits you with her iron bands,
"Ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow there,
"In death, in darkneſs, and deſpair."

CLV. *Chriſt our paſſover.*

1 LO the deſtroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's ſtubborn land!
The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

* Iſa. l. 10, 11. † Iſa. xxviii. 20.

2 He paſs'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He ſaw the blood on ev'ry door,
And bleſs'd the peaceful ſign.

3 Thus th' appointed Lamb muſt bleed,
To break th' Egyptian yoke;
Thus Iſr'el is from bondage freed,
And 'ſcapes the angel's ſtroke.

4 Lord, if my heart were ſprinkled too,
With blood ſo rich as thine,
Juſtice no longer would purſue
This guilty ſoul of mine.

5 Jeſus, our paſſover, was ſlain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging ſword.

CLVI. *Preſumption and deſpair;* or, *Satan's various temptations.*

1 I Hate the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The ſerpent takes a thouſand forms
To cheat our ſouls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with ſlaviſh fear;
And holds us ſtill in wide extremes,
Preſumption or deſpair.

3 Now he perſuades "how eaſy 'tis
"To walk the road to heav'n;"
Anon he ſwells our ſins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

[4 He bids young ſinners, "yet forbear
"To think of God or death;
"For prayer and devotion are
"But melancoly breath."

5 He tells the aged, "they muſt die,
"And 'tis too late to pray;
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have loſt their day."]

6 Thus he ſupports his cruel throne
By miſchief and deceit;
And drags the ſons of Adam down
To darkneſs and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut ſhort his pow'r,
Let him in darkneſs dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

CLVII. *The ſame.*

1 NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to deſtroy;
He worries whom he can't devour,
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye ſons of God oppoſe his rage,
Reſiſt, and he'll be gone;
Thus did our deareſt Lord engage,
And vanquiſh'd him alone.

3 Now he appears almoſt divine,
Like innocence and love;
But the old ſerpent lurks within,
When he aſſumes the dove.

4 Fly from the falſe deceiver's tongue,
Ye ſons of Adam, fly;

Our parents found the ſnare too ſtrong,
Nor ſhould the children try.

CLVIII. *Few ſaved;* or, *the almoſt Chriſtian, the hypocrite, and the apoſtate.*

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thouſands walk together there;
But Wiſdom ſhows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyſelf, and take my croſs,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature muſt count her gold but droſs,
If ſhe would gain this heav'nly land,

3 The fearful ſoul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but eſteem'd almoſt a ſaint,
And makes his own deſtruction ſure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which falſe apoſtates never knew.

CLIX. *An unconverted ſtate;* or, *Converting grace.*

1 GREAT King of Glory, and of Grace!
We own with humble ſhame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our firſt Father's name.

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poiſon reigns within,
Makes us averſe to all that's good,
And willing ſlaves to ſin.

[3 Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;
Engag'd in the old Serpent's cauſe,
Againſt our Maker's face.]

4 We live eſtrang'd afar from God,
And love the diſtance well;
With haſte we run the dang'rous road
That leads to death and hell.

5 And can ſuch rebels be reſtor'd!
Such natures made divine!
Let ſinners ſee thy glory, Lord,
And feel this pow'r of thine.

6 We raiſe our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit ſends
To bring rebellious ſtrangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

CLX. *Cuſtom in ſin.*

1 LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the ſpots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2 As well might Ethiopian ſlaves
Waſh out the darkneſs of their ſkin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old tranſgreſſors ceaſe to ſin.

3 Where Vice has held its empire long
'Twill not endure the leaſt controul;
None but a pow'r divinely ſtrong
Can turn the current of the ſoul.

4 Great God! I own thy pow'r divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

PREPARED FOR THE

HOLY ORDINANCE of the LORD's SUPPER.

BOOK III.

I. *The Lord's Supper inſtituted,* 1 Cor. xi. 23, *&c.*

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell aroſe
Againſt the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful ſcene began,
He took the bread, and bleſs'd and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he ſpake!

3 "This is my body, broke for ſin,
"Receive, and eat the living food;"

Then took the cup and bleſs'd the wine:
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

[4 For us his fleſh with nails was torn,
He bore the ſcourge, he felt the thorn;
And juſtice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our ſtead.

5 For us his vital blood was ſpilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When, for black crimes of biggeſt ſize,
He gave his ſoul a ſacrifice.]

6 " Do this," he cry'd, " Till time ſhall end,
" In mem'ry of your dying friend;
" Meet at my table, and record
" The love of your departed Lord."

[7 Jeſus! thy feaſt we celebrate,
We ſhow thy death, we ſing thy name,
Till thou return, and we ſhall eat
The marriage-ſupper of the Lamb.]

II. *Communion with Chriſt and with ſaints.*
1 Cor x. 16, 17.

1 JESUS invites his ſaints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels ſit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his fleſh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour, matchleſs grace,
Of our deſcending God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,

Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.]

3 Muſt we indulge a long deſpair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?

4 If thou deſpiſe a mortal's groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood:
An Advocate ſo near the throne,
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He brought the Spirit's pow'rful ſword
To ſlay our deadly foes:
Our ſins ſhall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppoſe.

6 How boundleſs is our Father's grace,
In height, in depth, and length!
He made his Son our right'ouſneſs,
His Spirit is our ſtrength.

CXLIV. *The end of the world.*

1 WHY ſhould this earth delight us ſo?
Why ſhould we fix our eyes
On theſe low grounds where ſorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleaſure dies?

2 While time his ſharpeſt teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the ſtars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature ſhall be diſſolv'd and die,
The ſun muſt end his race;
The earth and ſea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

CLXV. *Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.*

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of his grace
My msm'ry can retain!

[3 My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known,
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne.]

[4 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]

5 Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r impart
To give thy word success:
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

[6 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

CLXVI. *The divine perfections.*

1 HOW ſhall I praiſe th' eternal God,
That infinite Unknown!
Who can aſcend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne!

[2 The great Inviſible! he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-ſearching eye reveals
The ſecrets of the night.

3 Thoſe watchful eyes that never ſleep,
Survey the world around;
His wiſdom is a boundleſs deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

[4 Speak we of ſtrength? his arm is ſtrong,
To ſave or to deſtroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endleſs is his joy.]

[5 He knows no ſhadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees:
Firm as as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promiſes.]

[6 Sinners before his preſence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealouſy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7 Juſtice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God,
While Mercy ſends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8 Now to my ſoul, immortal King!
Speak ſome forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to ſing
The glories of my Lord.

CLXVII. *The divine perfections.*

1 GREAT God! thy glories ſhall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy!
My lips in ſongs of honour bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

[2 Earth and the ſtars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and Glory own their Lord.]

[3 His ſov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he command, who dare oppoſe?
With ſtrength he girds himſelf around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

[4 Who ſhall pretend to teach him ſkill,
Or guide the counſels of his will?
His wiſdom, like a ſea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

[5 His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealouſy;
He hates the ſons of pride and ſheds
His fiery veng'ance on their heads.]

[6 The beamings of his piercing ſight
Bring dark hypocriſy to light;
Death and deſtruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.

[7 Th' eternal law before him ſtands,
His juſtice with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the ſceptre, or the ſword.

[8 His mercy, like a boundleſs ſea,
Waſhes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and dy'd,
T' engage his juſtice on our ſide.]

[9 Each of his words demands my faith;
My ſoul can reſt on all he ſaith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largeſt promiſe of his lips.]

10 Oh tell me with a gentle voice,
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brighteſt honours of thy name.

CLXVIII. *The ſame.*

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majeſty;
His glory ſhines with beams ſo bright,
No mortal can ſuſtain the ſight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His juſtice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a ſmiling face,
His truth and promiſe ſeal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wiſdom ſhines,
And baffles Satan's deep deſigns;
His pow'r is ſov'reign to fulfil
The nobleſt counſels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord deſcend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my ſongs with angels join;
Heav'n is ſecure if God be mine.

CLXIX. *The ſame as the* clxviiith Pſalm.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he aſſumes
Are light and majeſty:
His glories ſhine
With beams ſo bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the ſight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and juſtice ſtand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Reſolves to bleſs,
His truth confirms
And ſeals the grace.

3 Thro' all his ancient works
Surpriſing wiſdom ſhines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd deſigns;
Strong is his arm
And ſhall fulfil
His great decrees,
His ſov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condeſcend?
And will he write his name,
"My Father and my Friend?"
I love his name,
I love his word:
Join all my pow'rs,
And praiſe the Lord.

CLXX. *God incomprehenſible and ſovereign.*

[1 CAN creatures, to perfection, find
Th' eternal uncreated mind *?
Or can the largeſt ſtretch of though
Meaſure and ſearch his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know, or tell?
His glory ſpreads beyond the ſky,
And all the ſhining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wiſe,
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
Thro' all the follies of his mind,
And ſmells and ſnuffs the empty wind.]

4 God is a King of pow'r unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne:
If he reſolves, who dare oppoſe,
Or aſk him why, or what he does?

5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempeſt of the ſoul:
When he ſhuts up in long deſpair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

* Job xi. 7.

6 He frowns, and darkneſs veils the moon *,
The fainting ſun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heav'n's ſtarry roof
Tremble and ſtart at his reproof †.

7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked ſerpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And ſmites the ſons of pride and death.

8 Theſe are a portion of his ways;
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his face?
Who can endure his light? or ſtand
To bear the thunders of his hand!

* Job xxv. 5. † Chap. xxxi. 11, &c.

END OF BOOK SECOND.

I would be form'd anew, and bleſs
The wonders of Creating Grace.

CLXI. *Chriſtian virtue;* or, *the difficulty of converſion.*

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is ſtrait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds miſtake and die.

2 Beloved Self muſt be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Paſſion ſuppreſs'd, and patience try'd,
And vain deſires ſubdu'd.

[3 Fleſh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules:
Fleſh muſt be humbled, pride abas'd,
Leſt they deſtroy our ſouls.

4 The love of gold be baniſh'd hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry ſenſe,
In ſweet ſubjection lie.

5 The tongue, that moſt unruly pow'r,
Requires a ſtrong reſtraint;
We muſt be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.]

6 Lord! can a feeble, helpleſs worm,
Fulfil a taſk ſo hard?
Thy grace muſt all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

CLXII. *The meditation of heav'n;* or, *the joys of faith.*

1 MY thoughts ſurmount theſe lower ſkies,
And look within the veil,
There ſprings of endleſs pleaſure riſe,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold with ſweet delight,
The bleſſed Three in One;
And ſtrong affections fix my ſight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promiſe ſtands for ever firm,
His grace ſhall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And ſeals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How ſhort our ſorrows are;
When with eternal future things
The preſent we compare.

5 I would not be a ſtranger ſtill
To that celeſtial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

CLXIII. *Complaint of deſertion and temptation.*

1 DEAR Lord, behold our ſore diſtreſs,
Our ſins attempt to reign:
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,
And let thy foes be ſlain.

[2 The lion, with his dreadful roar,
Affrights thy feeble ſheep:

By union with our living Lord,
And int'reſt in his death.

4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Chriſt and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the firſt-born Son.

5 We are but ſeveral parts
Of the ſame broken bread;
Our body hath the ſev'ral limbs,
But Jeſus is the head.

6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious name to raiſe;
Pleaſure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praiſe.

III. *The New Teſtament in the blood of Chriſt*; or, *The New covenant ſealed.*

1 "THE promiſe of my Father's love
"Shall ſtand for ever good:"
He ſaid, and gave his ſoul to death,
And ſeal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I ſet my worthleſs name;
I ſeal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light, and ſtrength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory ſhall be mine;
My life and ſoul, my heart and fleſh,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own
Which Jeſus did bequeath:

'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name
Who bleſs'd us in his will,
And to his teſtament of love
Made his own life the ſeal.

IV. *Chriſt's dying love;* or, *our pardon bought at a dear price.*

1 HOW condeſcending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

[2 When Juſtice, by our ſins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful ſword,
He gave his ſoul up to the ſtroke,
Without a murm'ring word.]

[3 He ſunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raiſe us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand beſtows,
But coſt his heart a groan.]

[4 This was compaſſion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.]

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is ſtill as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his ſaints forget.

6 Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd,

And ſee the ſorrows of his ſoul
Bleed through his wounded ſide.

[7 Here we receive repeated ſeals
Of Jeſus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One ſoft affection move.]

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record;
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

V. *Chriſt the bread of life*, John vi. 31, 35, 39.

1 LET us adore th' eternal word,
'Tis he our ſouls hath fed;
Thou art our living ſtream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

[2 The manna came from lower ſkies,
But Jeſus from above,
Where the freſh ſprings of pleaſure riſe,
And rivers flow with love.

3 The Jews, the fathers, dy'd at laſt,
Who eat that heav'nly bread;
But theſe proviſions which we taſte
Can raiſe us from the dead.]

4 Bleſs'd be the Lord that gives his fleſh
To nouriſh dying men;
And often ſpreads his table freſh,
Leſt we ſhould faint again.

5 Our ſouls ſhall draw their heav'nly breath,
Whilſt Jeſus finds ſupplies:

Nor ſhall our graces ſink to death,
For Jeſus never dies.

6 Daily our mortal fleſh decays,
But Chriſt our life ſhall come;
His unreſiſted pow'r ſhall raiſe
Our bodies from the tomb.

VI. *The memorial of our abſent Lord,* John xvii. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

1 JESUS is gone above the ſkies,
Where our weak ſenſes reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thruſt our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face:
And, to refreſh our minds, he gave
Theſe kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table ſpread
With his own fleſh and dying blood,
We on the rich proviſion feed,
And taſte the wine and bleſs our God.

4 Let ſinful ſweets be all forgot,
And earth grow leſs in our eſteem;
Chriſt and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is abſent from our ſight
'Tis to prepare our ſouls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

6 Our eyes look upward to the hills
Whence our returning Lord ſhall come,

We wait thy chariots' awful wheels
To fetch our longing ſpirits home.

VII. *Crucifixion to the world by the croſs of Chriſt*, Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I ſurvey the wond'rous croſs
On which the prince of Glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the death of Chriſt my God,
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet?
Or thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown?

[4 His dying crimſon, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

VIII. *The tree of life.*

1 COME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye ſaints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

[2 While once upon his lower ground
Weary and faint ye ſtood,
What dear refreſhments here ye found
From this immortal food.]

3 The tree of life that near the throne
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace bends gently down
Its ever-ſmiling boughs.

[4 Hov'ring amongſt the leaves, there ſtands
The ſweet celeſtial Dove,
And Jeſus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

[5 'Tis a young heav'n of ſtrange delight,
While in his ſhade we ſit;
His fruit is pleaſing to the ſight,
And to the taſte is ſweet.

6 New life it ſpreads thro' dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts
Without a ſting behind.]

7 Now let the flaming weapon ſtand,
And guard all Eden's trees:
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears ſuch fruit as theſe.

8 Infinite grace our ſouls adore,
Whoſe wond'rous hand has made
This living branch of ſov'reign pow'r,
To raiſe and heal the dead.

IX. *The ſpirit, the water, and the blood,* 1 John v. 6.

[1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praiſe our God on high,
Who from his boſom ſent his Son
To fetch us ſtrangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices ceaſe
To ſing the Saviour's name;
Jeſus, the Ambaſſador of Peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It coſt him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was the debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.]

4 My Saviour's pierc'd ſide
Pour'd out a double flood:
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Prieſt, atones;
On the cold ground his life was ſpilt,
And offer'd with his groans.

6 Look up, my ſoul, to him
Whoſe death was thy deſert,
And humbly view the living ſtream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the curſed tree,
In dying pangs he lies;
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants ſupplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit ſpeaks the ſame,
We feel his witneſs good.

9 While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above;
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And ſeal'd my Saviour's love.

[10 Lord cleanſe my ſoul from ſin
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter! abide within,
And witneſs to my heart.]

X. *Chriſt crucified, the wiſdom and pow'r of God.*

1 NATURE, with open volume ſtands,
To ſpread her Maker's praiſe abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shows ſomething worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that reſcu'd man,
His brighteſt form of glory ſhines;
Here, on the croſs, 'tis faireſt drawn
In precious blood, and crimſon lines.

[3 Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor Wit can gueſs, nor Reaſon prove,
Which of the letters beſt is writ,
The pow'r, the wiſdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmoſt heart,
Where grace and veng'ance ſtrangely join,
Piercing his Son with ſharpeſt ſmart,
To make the purchas'd pleaſures mine.

5 O! the ſweet wonders of that croſs,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her nobleſt life my ſpirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding ſide.

6 I would for ever ſpeak his name
In ſounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praiſe the Lamb,
And worſhip at his Father's throne.

XI. *Pardon brought to our ſenſes.*

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place
Where Jeſus ſpreads the ſacred feaſt
Of his redeeming grace!

2 Where the rich bounties of our God,
And ſweeteſt glories ſhine;
There Jeſus ſaid, that "I am his,
"And my beloved's mine."

3 "Here," (ſays the kind redeeming Lord,
And ſhows his wounded ſide,)
"See here the ſpring of all our joys,
"That open'd when I dy'd."

[4 He ſmiles and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain;
"All this," ſays he, "I bore for thee,"
And then he ſmiles again.]

5 What ſhall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace ſo vaſt as this?
He brings our pardon to his eyes,
And ſeals it with a kiſs.

6 Let ſuch amazing loves as theſe
Be ſounded all abroad;

Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

[7 To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.]

XII. *The gospel feast*, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

[1 HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.]

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, when death was nigh,
But at the gospel-call we came
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heav'n of his abode;
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'rers back to God!

6 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls, it cost his own:
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlaſting love is due
To him that ranſom'd ſinners loſt;
And pity'd rebels, when he knew
The vaſt expence his love would coſt.]

XIII. *Divine love making a feaſt, and calling in the gueſts,* Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW ſweet and awful is the place
With Chriſt within the doors,
While everlaſting Love diſplays
The choiceſt of her ſtores!

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God,
With ſoft compaſſion rolls,
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying ſouls.

[3 While all our hearts, and all our ſongs,
Join to admire the feaſt,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a gueſt?

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room?
"When thouſands make a wretched choice,
"And rather ſtarve than come!"]

5 'Twas the ſame love that ſpread the feaſt
That ſweetly forc'd us in;
Elſe we had ſtill refus'd to taſte,
And periſh'd in our ſin.

[6 Pity the nations, O our God!
Conſtrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the ſtrangers home.

7 We long to ſee thy churches full,
That all the choſen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and ſoul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

XIV. *The ſong of Simeon*, Luke ii. 28.; or, *A ſight of Chriſt makes death eaſy.*

1 NOW have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wiſh to die as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips ſhould learn that joyful ſong,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his:
"Our ſouls ſtill willing to be gone,
"And at thy word depart in peace.

3 "Here we have ſeen thy face, O Lord,
"And view'd ſalvation with our eyes,
"Taſted and felt the living word,
"The bread deſcending from the ſkies.

4 "Thou haſt prepar'd this dying Lamb,
"Haſt ſet his blood before our face,
"To teach the terrors of thy name,
"And ſhow the wonders of thy grace.

5 "He is our light, our morning-ſtar,
"Shall ſhine on nations yet unknown:
"The glory of thine Iſr'el here,
"And joy of ſpirits near the throne."

XV. *Our Lord Jeſus at his own table.*

1 THE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue;

How rich he ſpread his royal board,
And bleſs'd his food, and ſung

2 Happy the man that ate this bread;
But double bleſs'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith the ſame delights we taſte
As that great fav'rite did,
And ſit and lean on Jeſus' breaſt,
And take the heav'nly bread.

4 Down from the palace of the ſkies
Hither the King deſcends!
"Come, my beloved, eat," he cries,
"And drink ſalvation, friends.

[5 "My fleſh is food and phyſic too,
"A balm for all your pains:
"And the red ſtreams of pardon flow
"From theſe my pierced veins."]

6 Hoſanna to his bounteous love,
For ſuch a feaſt below;
And yet he feeds his ſaints above
With nobler bleſſing too.

[7 Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our ſouls to reſt!
Then we ſhall need theſe types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feaſt]

XVI. *The agonies of Chriſt.*

1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our ſuff'rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine

lively figures here we ſee
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hope he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove,

[3 Our humble faith here takes her riſe,
While ſitting round his board;
And back to Calvary ſhe flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His ſoul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

5 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear;
Dying, he conquer'd hell and ſin,
And made his triumph there.]

6 Grace, wiſdom, juſtice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day;
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns ſhall ſound like thoſe above,
Could we our voices raiſe;
Yet, Lord, our hearts ſhall all be love,
And all our lives be praiſe.

XVII. *Incomparable food;* or, *the fleſh and blood of Chriſt.*

[1 WE ſing the amazing deeds
That Grace Divine performs
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds,
To nouriſh dying worms.

2 This ſoul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
We thank that ſacred fleſh of thine
For this immortal food.]

3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly things;
Earth has no dainties half ſo ſweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam ſought,
And ſearch'd his garden round;
For there was no ſuch bleſſed fruit
In all the happy ground.

5 Th' angelic hoſt above
Can never taſte this food:
They feaſt upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

6 On us th' almighty Lord
Beſtows this matchleſs grace,
And meets us with ſome cheering word,
With pleaſure in his face.

7 Come all ye drooping ſaints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your ſad complaints,
And tune your voice to ſin.

8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Chriſt;
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the higheſt.

XVIII. *The ſame.*

1 JESUS! we bow before thy feet;
Thy table is divinely ſtor'd;

Thy ſacred fleſh our ſouls have eat,
'Tis living bread; we thank thee, Lord.

2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord: 'tis gen'rous wine,
Mingled with love; the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no ſuch ſweetneſs found,
For the Lamb's fleſh is heav'nly food:
In vain we ſearch the globe around
For bread ſo fine, or wine ſo good.

4 Carnal proviſions can, at beſt,
But cheer the heart, or warm the head;
But the rich cordial that we taſte
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5 Joy to the Maſter of the feaſt,
His name our ſouls for ever bleſs;
To God the King, and God the Prieſt,
A loud Hoſanna round the place.

XIX. *Glory in the croſs;* or, *not aſhamed of Chriſt crucified.*

1 AT thy command, our deareſt Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feaſt:
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own fleſh feeds ev'ry gueſt.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And truſts for life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3 Let the vain world pronounce its ſhame,
And fling their ſcandals on thy cauſe

We come to boaſt our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his croſs.

4 With joy we tell the ſcoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmoſt rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

XX. *The proviſions for the table of our Lord; or, the tree of life, and river of love.*

1 LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And ſing the ſolemn feaſt,
Where ſweet celeſtial dainties ſtand
For every willing gueſt.

[2 The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming ſword,
To guard the paſſage to't.

3 The cup ſtands crown'd with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down ſtreaming for our uſe,
In rivulets of love.]

4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleaſure's well refin'd;
They ſpread new life thro' ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye ſaints that taſte his wine;
Join with your kindred ſaints above,
In loud Hoſannas join.

6 A thouſand glories to the God
That gives ſuch joys as this;

Hoſanna! let it ſound abroad,
And reach where Jeſus is.

XXI. *The triumphant feaſt for Chriſt's victory over ſin, and death, and hell.*

1 COME let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys ariſe,
And join the ſongs above the ſky,
Where pleaſure never dies.

2 Jeſus, the God, that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
That roſe, and at his chariot-wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.

[3 Jeſus, the God, invites us here
To this triumphant feaſt,
And brings immortal bleſſings down,
For each redeemed gueſt]

4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his ſmiles appear!
But, oh! what melting words he ſays
To ev'ry humble ear!

5 " For you the children of my love,
" It was for you I dy'd;
" Behold my hands, behold my feet,
" And look into my ſide.

6 " Theſe are the wounds for you I bore
" The tokens of my pains,
" When I came down to free your ſouls
" From miſery and chains.

7 " Juſtice unſheath'd its fiery ſword,
" And plung'd it in my heart

" Infinite pangs for you I bore,
" And moſt tormenting ſmart.

8 " When hell, and all its ſpiteful pow'rs,
" Stood dreadful in my way,
" To reſcue thoſe dear lives of yours
" I gave my own away.

9 " But while I bled and groan'd, and dy'd,
" I ruin'd Satan's throne:
" High on my croſs I hung, and ſpy'd
" The monſter tumbling down!

10 " Now you muſt triumph at my feaſt,
" And taſte my fleſh and blood,
" And live eternal ages bleſs'd,
" For 'tis immortal food."

[11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours ſo divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]

12 We give thee, Lord, our higheſt praiſe
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes ſo infinite as theſe,
Exceed our nobleſt ſongs.

XXII. *The compaſſion of a dying Chriſt.*

1 OUR ſpirits join t' adore the Lamb;
Oh, that our feeble lips could move
In ſtrains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love.

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heav'n reſigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ranſom guilty worms from death.

[3 Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threat'nings ſet us free,
Bore the full veng'ance on his croſs,
And nail'd the curſes to the tree.]

[4 The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new bleſſings flow,
A ſea of joy without a ſhore.

5 Here we have waſh'd our deepeſt ſtains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood;
Bleſs'd fountain, ſpringing from the veins
Of Jeſus, our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal voices ſtrive
To ſpeak compaſſion ſo divine:
Had we a thouſand lives to give,
A thouſand lives ſhould all be thine,

XXIII. *Grace and glory by the death of Chriſt.*

1 SITTING around our Father's board,
We raiſe our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds the dying Lord,
And dooms our ſins to death.

2 We ſee the blood of Jeſus ſhed,
Whence all our pardons riſe;
The ſinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the ſacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy ſhameful croſs:
Procure us heavenly crowns
Our higheſt gain ſprings from thy loſs,
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 Oh! 'tis impoſſible, that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,

Should equal ſuff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

XXIV. *Pardon and ſtrength from Chriſt.*

1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace
To ſee thy glories ſhine;
The Lord will his own table bleſs,
And makes the feaſt divine.

2 We touch, we taſte the heav'nly bread,
We drink the ſacred cup:
With outward forms our ſenſe is fed,
Our ſouls rejoice in hope.

3 We ſhall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dreſs'd in the garments of his Son,
And ſprinkled with his blood.

4 We ſhall be ſtrong to run the race,
And climb the upper ſky;
Chriſt will provide our ſouls with grace,
He bought a large ſupply.

[5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feaſt:
We love the mem'ry of his name,
More than the wine we taſte.]

XXV. *Divine glories and graces.*

1 HOW are thy glories here diſplay'd,
Great God! how bright they ſhine!
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

2 Here thy revenging Juſtice ſtands,
And pleads its dreadful cauſe;
Here ſaving Mercy ſpreads her hands,
Like Jeſus on the croſs.

3 Thy ſaints attend with ev'ry grace
On this great ſacrifice;
And Love appears with cheerful face,
And Faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting poſture ſits,
To heav'n directs our ſight;
Here ev'ry warmer paſſion meets
And warmer pow'rs unite.

5 Zeal and Revenge perform their part,
And riſing ſin deſtroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to ſight,
Let ſin for ever die;
Then ſhall our ſouls be all delight
And ev'ry tear be dry.

I Cannot perſuade myſelf to put a full period to theſe divine hymns, till I have addreſſed a ſpecial ſong of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the Roman church, and though there may be ſome exceſſes of ſuperſtitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought ſome unhappy prejudices in weaker Chriſtians, yet I believe it ſtill to be one of the nobleſt parts of Chriſtian worſhip. The ſub-

ject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our Lord Jeſus Chriſt has ſo clearly revealed unto men, and is ſo neceſſary to true Chriſtianity. The action is praiſe, which is one of the moſt complete and exalted parts of Chriſtian worſhip—I have caſt the ſong into a variety of forms. and have fitted it by a plain verſion, or a large paraphraſe, to be ſung either alone or at the concluſion of another hymn. I have added alſo a few hoſannas, or aſcriptions of ſalvation, to Chriſt, in the ſame manner; and for the ſame end.

DOXOLOGIES.

XXVI. *1ſt Long metre.*

A ſong of praiſe to the ever-bleſſed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit

1 BLESS'D be the Father, and his love
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe
Rivers of endleſs joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whoſe dear wounded body rolls
A precious ſtream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying ſouls.

3 We give thee, ſacred Spirit, praiſe,
Who in our hearts of ſin and woe,
Makes living ſprings of grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore;
The ſea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a ſhore.

XXII. *1ſt Common metre.*

1 GLORY to God the Father's name
Who from our ſinful race,
Choſe out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whoſe almighty pow'r
Our ſouls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bleſs the happy hour.

4 Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

XXVIII. *1ſt Short metre.*

1 LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his firſt love derive
The ground of all their ſongs.

2 Ye ſaints employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who brought your ſouls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.

3 Give to the ſpirit praiſe
Of an immortal ſtrain,
Whoſe light, and pow'r, and grace convey
Salvation down to men.

4 While God, the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd ſin,
O may the blood and water bear
The ſame record within.

5 To the great One in Three,
That ſeal this grace in heav'n
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

XXIX. 2d. *Long metre.*

1 GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whoſe name has myſteries unknown,
In eſſence One, in perſon Three.
A ſocial nature yet alone.

2 When all our nobleſt pow'rs are join'd,
The honours of thy name to raiſe,
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath thy praiſe.

XXX. 2d. *Common metre.*

1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our ſouls from death,
Who ſaves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

2 To praiſe the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let ſaints and angels join.

XXXI. 2d. *Short metre.*

1 LET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear,
To God the Saviour pay the ſame,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love
And Spirit of thy pow'r.

XXXII. 3d. *Long metre.*

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praiſe, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

XXXIII. *Or thus.*

ALL glory to thy wond'rous name
Father of mercy, God of love,
Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
And thus we praiſe the heav'nly Dove,

XXXIV. 3d. *Common Metre*

NOW let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or ſaints to love the Lord.

XXXV. *Or thus.*

HONOUR to thee, almighty Three,
And everlaſting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit and the Son.

XXXVI. 3d. *Short metre.*

YE angels round the throne,
And ſaints that dwell below,
Worſhip the Father, love the Son,
And bleſs the Spirit too.

XXXVII. *Or thus.*

GIVE to the Father praiſe,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

XXXVIII. *A ſong of praiſe to the bleſſed Trinity, the* 1ſt *as the* cxlviiith Pſalm.

1 I Give immortal praiſe
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He ſent his own
Eternal Son
To die for ſins
That man had done

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too.

Who bought us with his blood
From everlaſting woe:
And now he lives
And now he reigns,
And ſees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worſhip give,
Whoſe new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead ſinner live.
His work completes
The great deſign,
And fills the ſoul
With joy divine

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endleſs honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the myſterious One,
Where Reaſon fails
With all her pow'rs,
There Faith prevails
And love adores.

XXXIX. *The* 2d *as the* cxlviiith Pſalm.

1 TO him that choſe us firſt,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curſe
To ſave rebellious man.
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew,
Is endleſs praiſe,
And glory due.

2 The Father's love ſhall run
Thro' our immortal Songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hoſanna on our tongues:
Our lips addreſs
The Spirit's name
With equal praiſe
And zeal the ſame.

3 Let ev'ry ſaint above
And angel round the throne,
For ever bleſs and love
The ſacred Three in One.
Thus heav'n ſhall raiſe
His honours high
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

XL. *The* 3d *as the* cxlviiith Pſalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raiſe;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praiſe;
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we ſing.

XLI. *Or thus.*

TO our eternal God
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three myſteries in One,

Salvation, pow'r,
And praiſe be giv'n
By all on earth
And all in heav'n.

The Hoſanna; or, *Salvation aſcribed to Chriſt.*

XLII. *Long metre.*

1 HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a ſuperior throne;
We bleſs the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings ſalvation down to earth.

2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Zion ſing
The growing glories of her King.

XLIII. *Common metre.*

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace,
Zion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to ſing.

2 Hoſanna to the incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord,
With bleſſings on his name.

XLIV. *Short metre.*

1 HOSANNA to the Son,
Of David and of God,

Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2 To Chriſt th' anointed King
Be endleſs bleſſings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory ſing;
Who made our peace with heav'n.

XLV. *As the* cxlviiith Pſalm.

1 HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God;
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay.

2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb:
Let earth, and ſea, and ſky,
His wond'rous love proclaim:
Upon his head
Shall honours reſt,
And ev'ry age
Pronounce him bleſt.

END OF THE HYMNS.

A

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